The New York Times Book Review

Section 3

SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1926 TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

(Copyright, 1926, by The New York Times Company.)

"BRAZIL—IMMENSE, FANTASTIC"

Mr. Nash Portrays the Melting-Pot of South America

THE CONQUEST OF BRAZIL. By Roy Nash. Maps and illustrations. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.

By HENRY E. ARMSTRONG

WHAT the average North American knows about Brazil is that the Amazon is the greatest river in the world, that Rio de Janeiro is the most picturesque of harbors and that the chief products of the country are rubber and coffee. And, then, did not Colonel Roosevelt explore the River of Doubt, now officially known in his honor as the River Teodoro? There are many books in English about Brazil. One of the best known is "Brazil and the Brazilians," by two enterprising missionaries, the Rev. James C. Fletcher and the Rev. D. P. Kidder, but it was published in 1866. There are histories of Brazil, by Southey, the English poet laureate; Andrew Grant and James Henderson, with a few moderns bringing up the rear, but not one of them is adequate. Travelers, geologists and naturalists have written books about Brazil. Those of Bates and Wallace are classics. "The Highlands of Brazil," by that born adventurer, Sir Richard Burton (1869,) is still read with relish. Most agreeable is Professor Herbert H. Smith's "Brazil, the Amazons and the Coast" (1879). "Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon" (1854), by Lieutenants Herndon and Gibbon, United States Navy, has not grown stale with the passage of years. The bibliography is large enough to raise expectations that in the list one should find a real work brought down to our times—descriptive, historic, geographical and statistical—setting Brazil and the Brazilians before us vividly, so that an enduring impression of them would be made upon the reader. But such is not the case.

Roy Nash, the author of "The Conquest of Brazil," has endeavored to produce such a book, and it is well worth reading from cover to cover. One gets up from a study of it with a feeling that at last some one has projected Brazil on the screen with lifelike fidelity, and that with it in his gripsack the traveler could visit Brazil and know what is going on around him, understand the manners and morals of the people, their economic needs, and realize that the amalgamation of races in a territory larger than the Continental United States is not a failure, in spite of the fact that no color line exists in Brazil. In the last twenty-five years the population has increased 80 per cent. It is an empire in the making, and a good start has been made. Soon it becomes evident that Brazil is the United States of South America and must be reckoned with by our statesmen.

In dealing with his accumulated statistics the author never fails to be interesting. Before he enters upon his task he gives us a taste of his method:

> Brazil—immense, fantastic, green and brown and sear. Forests of deadly silence. Prairies and pack trains and the sound of a guitar. Gay cities robed in the sparkle of modernity, cities becoming strident with the cry of the machine. Dugouts gliding down sluggish rivers, and coffee in straight rows to the far horizon. Gold in the gravels, gold on the cacao stems, the golden crown of the ipé. Mud and melancholy. And the march of human hosts against the embattled forces of nature.

Florid, if you like, but impressionistic, holding the attention. All the world, as the writer says, "knows Rio the gorgeous and Sao Paulo the industrious," but that is not Brazil any more than Mentone and Lille are all of France. Says Mr. Nash:

> He who reads herein will learn something, too, of the man who dwells in the mud hut; of the gaucho who rides herd over the cattle on the pampas of Rio Grande du Sul; the matuto, who makes his clearing in the edge of the jungle; the sertanejo produced by the droughts and famines of the arid northeast; the seringueiro who gathers rubber in the wet waste of Amazonas.

The author has not hesitated to submit his manuscript to the test of expert criticism. Among those who read parts of it and give him the benefit of their judgment are Dr. Isaiah Bowman, Director of the American Geographic Society; Dr. Lewis Windell Hackett, for six years Regional Director for Brazil of the International Health Board; Murdo Mackenzie, formerly of the Brazilian Land, Cattle and Packing Company; Dr. Wilson Popenoe, explorer, Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture; Dr. H. N. Whitford, Professor of Tropical Forestry at Yale, and Hugh Curran, lately resident manager of Colonia do Gongogy, a vast plantation in the State of Bahia. The author has ranged through all but two States of Brazil and spent years of observation in that country. No one could be better qualified to make the stay-at-homes familiar with it and excite in them a desire to follow in his steps. So intense is Mr. Nash's interest in his subject that, with a style that is never self-conscious and a rich vocabulary, always he carries his reader along with him. Open the book anywhere and one will find atmosphere, humanity, instruction or diversion. There are seventy-seven illustrations from well-selected photographs and eight maps.

There is method in the author's impressionism. He wants to tell you all about Brazil in the compass of 400 pages, and saturate you with its color and atmosphere. So he divides his book into four parts, which he entitles "The Peopling of the Lands," "The Essential Facts of Human Geography," "Some Essentials of Happiness" and "Looking Ahead." His opening chapters deal with "The Seed," that is to say, the people, who are conquering Brazil, the Portuguese, the negro, the Indian; then with "The Soil," topography, climate, forests, pastures, fauna; next he takes up "The Sowing," in which are described the coming of the Portuguese and the Dutch contingent, contacts of civilization and savagery, the quest for gold, immigration for development, and the amalgamation of whites, blacks and aborigines. Thereafter the book becomes statistical and philosophical. Such subjects as rural Brazil, ports, inland waterways, old land routes, railroads, wagon roads, footpaths and bridle paths, planting, herds and mineralization are treated, followed by reviews of trade freedom, domestic relations, education, health, forestry, population possibilities. And there is an arresting chapter, "Can the Amazon Be Conquered?"

"Destiny," says the author, "has erected in Brazil a social laboratory which shall reveal the significance of 'race,' and either confirm or give the lie for all time to the superstition that the admixture of widely different stocks spell degeneration." He is disposed to think that the Brazilian amalgamation will be a success. Indeed, he is tempted to believe, but does not commit himself to the opinion, that Brazil will develop "the finest civilization which ever flourished in a warm climate." But it is going to be difficult:

> Like Australia, the interior of Brazil is of such a character that its States were long compelled to communicate with each other only by sea. Today it is possible to go by rail from the Uruguayan frontier to Victoria, some 1,300 miles to the north. But beyond Victoria for 3,400 miles to Manaos, and beyond Manaos for another thousand miles to the Peruvian frontier, the sole highway uniting Southern and Northern Brazil remains in 1926 all in the time of Cabral and Vasco da Gama, the ancient ocean and the mightiest of rivers.

The author reports Manaos, the capital of Amazonas, as declining in enterprise and importance. He speaks of it as "prematurely old after the excesses of a riotous youth." For the tired business man there are few more restful retreats, he thinks. "I had a distinct impression as our auto struggled over grass-grown roads which had once been boulevards that the jungle was pressing in upon the delightful adventurers who dispatch these lessening cargoes [of rubber and nuts] to Liverpool and New York." Manaos cannot always have boom days. Nevertheless, it is strategically situated to be an imperial city. Mr. Nash's "impression" is likely to be challenged. Rural Brazil is seen at its best in the German colonies of Santa Catharina. The highways "are as good as the best of their type anywhere." In some of the States automobile roads are building or planned. An exception seems to be populous Minas Geraes. "I know of

(*Continued on Page 19*)

"Evening in Rio Harbour," a Painting by A. S. Forest.

From "South America," by W. H. Koebel. (A. and C. Black, London.)

Tools and Media of The Modern Poet

Inspired Shop-Talk by Three Experts in the Art of Word-Twisting

***THE THEORY OF POETRY.** By Lascelles Abercrombie. 338 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.75.*

***THE FORMS OF POETRY.** By Louis Untermeyer. 186 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $1.35.*

***POETS AND THEIR ART.** By Harriet Monroe. 301 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.*

By JOHN W. CRAWFORD

SHOP TALK of any description is superior to almost any other topic of conversation, which is itself a delightful way to pass the time. One of Rupert Brooke's ardent letters, tantalizingly indicative of the brilliant career which his untimely death cut short, divides the day into eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for grand talk. People are at their best, obviously, in discussions and reminiscences of subjects which interest them most keenly. When those topics touch upon matters of fundamental and universal import—the talk that Rupert Brooke had in mind—when the discoursers are poets, the result cannot but be absorbing. The tool of the poet is language, his medium rhythm, his material the visible, audible, tangible world and the mystery within it, the passions and tribulations of humanity and the very meaning of life. The three books under present consideration, by three significant figures in modern poetry, seem to belong under the head of inspired shop-talk. It follows that they are stimulating and provocative reading.

Into the making of Mr. Abercrombie's two abstract treatises, Miss Monroe's collection of papers and Mr. Untermeyer's abbreviated handbook there has gone a prodigious experience of the art. The allusions in each case are sufficient to establish this. Each of these writers, moreover, is a poet. Mr. Abercrombie is Professor of Literature at Leeds University and a well-known lecturer in England. The magazine Poetry, which was founded by Miss Monroe in 1912 and has ever since been edited by her, has proved to be at once a forum and clearing-house for poets and versifiers of all descriptions. They swarm through her office in person and via letters, bound volumes, contributions. Mr. Untermeyer, as staff reviewer for various publications, as anthologist, as translator and as lecturer, has likewise had exceptional opportunities for keeping abreast of much that has been and is being done in poetry. Together they present an epitome of the current manifestations and underlying motive-power of poetry in the light of its illustrious past.

Contemporary poetry reveals a number of problems and developments. Its language has been purified, almost forcibly, by the precept and example of the Imagistes, particularly of Ezra Pound, most active propagandist of the group, until, as Miss Monroe observes, not even the tyro may safely use prettified words, worn-out images and threadbare themes. Mr. Pound has introduced Oriental and Provençal technical devices. Richard Aldington and "H. D." have brought in a reading of the Hellenic spirit that is, perhaps, more searching and exciting to the modern taste than the metrical experiments and the mythological allusions of A. C. Swinburne. Miss Amy Lowell and John Gould Fletcher have pointed the way toward a rich orchestration of the accepted and the newly sanctioned technical resources of poetic art; polyphonic prose, rhyme, alliteration, assonance, a strictly conscious use of cadence, a freer and more organic quantity, imagery, vowel-color and consonantal pattern. Many poets have broken away from languors and nostalgias, erotic laments, longings for other times, other places, and have brought fresh topics within the compass of poetry. Wallace Stevens, Alfred Kreymborg, W. C. Williams have rediscovered the effectiveness of the grotesque. Miss Lola Ridge, Carl Sandburg, Arturo Giovannitti have indicated a contact between the machine age and the poet. These are thrilling matters which are all to be found, explicitly or by implication, in the three books under discussion.

Mr. Abercrombie is engaged, as in his notable earlier work, "An Essay Toward a Theory of Art," in establishing values and intimating the basis for criticism. Although the two sections of the present volume, "The Theory of Poetry" and "The Idea of Great Poetry," are, as the titles state, primarily occupied with poetry, Mr. Abercrombie provides a useful and evocative touchstone for the appraisal of other expressions of literature. Many of his findings with regard to the poem are equally cogent as of the novel. His preface makes out a splendid case for criticism:

> Enjoyment, no question, is the main thing, but the case for criticism is just this, that enjoyment varies directly with understanding. Now criticism is precisely an attempt to improve and secure understanding, and if criticism must stand aside to let temperament and feeling pass, it does so in order to allow them to pass forward on the path its pioneering has cleared, and intelligence is its hatchet.

As the excerpt will no doubt indicate, Mr. Abercrombie is a vigorous and direct writer. His subjects may perhaps seem to invite vagueness and generality. In acknowledging his authorities Mr. Abercrombie pays his respects to Aristotle and to the great Italian esthetician, Benedetto Croce. He derives his theory out of "an ancestry even more illustrious," from common sense. He accordingly makes no attempt to prove axioms. He assumes that poetry exists, that it is desirable and important—"one of the notable facts in the life of man." With a charming arrogance he refuses to trouble himself with "tracing the affliction" of the man who does not like poetry "back to its source in some obscure mental deformity." He is not undertaking to teach any one how to write poetry He is attempting to "substantiate and illustrate a general theory of art in the facts of a particular art."

Mr. Abercrombie's occupation and the circumstances that his essays were originally delivered to students would lead the reader to expect aphorisms and definitions. The author frankly confesses his intention of side-stepping this aspect of his enterprise as long as possible. He exhausts every evasion. He talks all round his topic. When he can no longer avoid the encounter he humorously depreciates the importance of his own accomplishment as he makes his tentative formulation. In each instance he offers an acceptable and tersely worded principle which is all but incontrovertible. He also clears the ground of misconceptions in a humorous yet peremptory fashion.

Following his assumption that poetry exits, Mr. Abercrombie proceeds to a discussion of the characteristics whereby it may be discovered. At this point he is somewhat inclusive. "Othello," "Hamlet," certain passages of Thomas De Quincey, the whole of Dante's "The Divine Comedy," are poems. In this he differs with Croce, who discerns in the masterpiece of Dante a framework which is not at all essential to the moments of poetry which occur. Mr. Abercrombie defers to Croce, but insists that this reasoning is based on a heresy, to say the least, not to call it a fallacy. He terms it the lyric-heresy, which he compounds with the didactic-heresy as peculiarly damaging to poetry.

Mr. Abercrombie is chiefly concerned with tracing the growth of a poem. He does not pretend to invade the sacred mystery of the poet's mind and being. He gives a sufficient hint, however, as to the quality of that mind and being. It is, perhaps, not so fascinating and romantic a business as M. André Maurois makes of it in his delicious but somewhat specious fictions relating to Shelley and Goethe, but it is immensely more authoritative and sounder. Mr. Abercrombie shows how a poem is conceived in "a moment of splendor" and communicated, with all the technical implements of the art, to the reader. "It will be part of our theory," Mr. Abercrombie writes, "that poetry, with varying intensity, reveals to us a world which answers to the deepest and gravest requirements of the mind; a world ideal in its harmony and its permanence, in its security and, above all, in its significance, but nevertheless a world real in its substance." Mr. Abercrombie substantiates this in a folksong of the Australian blacks, in the delightful "Philiada flouts me," in "Hamlet." He insists upon the concept of poetry as being, first, a "mode of being alive"; secondly, as a communication of this imaginative energy in a shapely expression, whether rhmyed or vers libre, and, thirdly, in the highest forms of poetry, the sluicing of this electrified language via a character, such as the personality of Dante, luminously immanent in "The Divine Comedy."

"The Theory of Poetry" has much to give an active mind. Mr. Abercrombie has a concise and vivid prose. He illustrates his own theories with exciting discussions of Goethe, Sapho, Shakespeare, Coleridge, Shelley, Dante, the Provencal and Chinese poets. The book is studded with brilliant phrases and telling recognitions. At one point, however, he would seem to have side-stepped a significant issue, that of rhythm. He insists upon language as a means of the transmission of energy and he recognizes, implicitly, rhythm as a supreme form, or perhaps manifestation, of energy, yet he refuses to speculate on the nature and origin of rhythm.

Miss Monroe has contributed a sheaf of able and searching essays on this subject. They are among the most significant portions of her book, which is divided into four sections: "Poets of Today," "Certain Poets of Yesterday," "Comments and Queries" and "Poetic Rhythms." The last part is based largely upon the researches of Dr. W. M. Patterson, especially as embodied in "The Rhythm of Prose." Miss Monroe quotes, with approval, the saying of Debussy: "No fixed rule should guide the creative artist—rules are made by works of art, not for works of art." She discovers in English poetry and particularly in the rhythms of speech, a disparity between conventional prosody and the language. Dr. Patterson's discoveries apparently confirm this.

In order to establish a principle for poetic notation similar to the amazing equivalence of musical structures to the interval and harmonies of music, Miss Monroe analyzes a number of poems which are ordinarily classed a "iambic pentameter," or whatever. She finds that English poetry falls into two classes, three-time and four-time, with the first preponderating. She illustrates her point with seemingly formidable arrays of musical notes, halves, quarters, eighths, and so on, as the simplest means of setting forth the basic time-values of the various syllables. Miss Monroe does not pretend to have formulated the perfect system of accounting for poetic rhythm, but she offers a happy means for disposing of artificial accent, one of the bugaboos of the older prosody.

The first section of the book has grown out of Miss Monroe's experiences with poets as editor of Poetry. Most of them she has known personally, and she describes their appearances, their handwritings and their habits of dealing with editors. In this connection, Miss Amy Lowell and Maxwell Bodenheim are amusingly arrogant variants upon the usual humble petitioner with his deprecatory handful of poems. Miss Monroe thereupon proceeds to an evaluation of the work of these poets, of Edwin Arlington Robinson, Ezra Pound, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Wallace Stevens, Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay and many others. One of the most interesting is the study of "H. D." in whose work Miss Monroe detects a primitive wildness. She ascribes this quality of Miss Doolittle's to her American pioneer ancestry.

The section devoted to "Poets of Yesterday" throws further light upon Miss Monroe's interests. The paper on Shakespeare, in which the bard appears as a man of hesitations and evasions, given to postponing action and hating himself for it, is particularly revealing. Miss Monroe also indicates those qualities which, to her way of thinking, characterize a poet, "wisdom, forbearance, humor, joy in life and magnanimity in death."

One of Miss Monroe's disquisitions is concerned with the difficult subject, "Those We Refuse." Possessors of rejection slips from Poetry are counseled to avoid that humorous yet sympathetic essay, lest they see themselves mirrored there. Miss Monroe tells of letters, of visits, of stories between the lines, all of which add to the harassing fascination of conducting a magazine of verse.

Mr. Untermeyer professes a conviction analogous to that of Mr. Abercrombie, in his apology for "The Forms of Poetry: A Pocket Dictionary of Verse." Mr. Untermeyer declares that:

> The deeper purpose of these pages is the winning of the reader's interest in the structure as well as the spirit of poetry. Love of any art is increased by knowledge of its forms, its grammar, its laws of composition and harmony. * * * It is hoped that this volume will not only foster a fuller appreciation of the sonnet, the ballade and the very framework of verse, but—if the metaphysical metaphor is not too extravagant—will reveal the glories of poetry.

The volume starts with six arresting definitions by poets and concludes with a splendid bibliography and a short and useful index of authors quoted. There are three major subdivisions: "A Handbook of Poetic Terms," "The Forms of Poetry" and "A Brief Outline of English Poetry." Mr. Untermeyer's personal equation enters very largely into the work, particularly when it comes to the outline of English poetry. In this section Mr. Untermeyer regales the reader with thumbnail opinions, bits of information and sketchy summaries of trends and movements. It gives a sense of the development of English poetry, but it is serviceable as provocation to further study rather than reliable as an authority in itself. But after all that is part of Mr. Untermeyer's avowed purpose.

The handbook is terse and accurate. It gives a readily assimilable understanding of cliché, cadence, vers libre, rhyme royale, pantoum, villanelle, triolet and the varieties of the sonnet, not only in an abstract sense, but further in terms of the uses that poets themselves have made of them. This is especially true of the sonnet, that fascinating form which has fared very well at the hands of Mr. Untermeyer. "The Forms of Poetry" is lively and readable, if not particularly searching.

"A Breath of Spring." An Etching by Troy Kinney.

From "Fine Prints of the Year 1926." (Minton, Balch & Co., New York.)

The Life and Times of Rufus King

***RUFUS KING AND HIS TIMES.** By Edward Hale Brush. Illustrated. 159 pp. New York: Nicholas L. Brown. $2.50.*

NEXT April will bring the hundredth anniversary of the death of Rufus King, after a long life filled with varied and brilliant service for his country. This sesquicentennial year of the United States is a time of anniversaries, and so it is fitting that this rather slender volume should celebrate the life and times of the man who took an important part in the establishing of the young nation and in the guiding of its destinies through its youth. Three times he was United States Senator, his election the last time, in 1820, being without any solicitation of the honor on his part and by a Legislature controlled by a party opposed to his own. He was twice Minister to England, being sent on this mission the second time, in 1825, by President Adams, son of the President under whom he had served in that capacity twenty-five years before, although he had not sought and was at first disposed to decline the appointment. Seventy years old at that time, ill-health caused him to return to this country after a few months.

He began public service as a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1784, when he was 29 years old, and three years later was one of the youngest members of the Constitutional Convention. Throughout his many years of service he was allied with conservative parties, but he consistently opposed the extension of slavery and upon many questions his convictions were liberal and progressive for the time in which he lived. Mr. Brush writes an interesting narrative, although it is somewhat lacking in orderly development, but affords a good general view of Mr. King's long, active and brilliant career and is enlivened by many glimpses of the social and political background of the time.

Jefferson as Spokesman for the Farm Bloc of His Day

Mr. Nock's Biography Is Preoccupied With the Economic Angles of the Constitution

***JEFFERSON.** By Albert Jay Nock. Illustrated. 241 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.75.*

By CHARLES McD. PUCKETTE

THIS biography appears within a few days of the 150th celebration of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, of which Jefferson was the author. The celebration is thought worthy of a national exposition. This timeliness of which a journalist could make much means nothing whatever to Mr. Nock; in fact, the pointed manner in which he ignores that historic document is in a way the keynote of a biography both original and trenchant. The epitaph which Jefferson wrote for himself—"the author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom and the Father of the University of Virginia"—is not the one which Mr. Nock would pen. The Declaration is mentioned in this volume a scant half-dozen times, in passing. Jefferson's authorship of the phrases which resound in school rooms and are read annually on Independence Day in Tammany Hall on Fourteenth Street receives less attention than the inventions of the squire of Monticello, who, among other gifts to posterity "conferred an unintended benefit upon the bureaucracies of all civilized lands by inventing the swivel-chair."

A bibliographical note at the end acknowledges Mr. Nock's indebtedness to Charles A. Beard's work on the Constitution. That acknowledgment reveals the character of Mr. Nock's biographical study of the apostle of democracy. Mr. Nock shares Professor Beard's opinion of the selfish economic origins of the Constitution. In Jefferson the rhetorician Mr. Nock has no interest; but in Jefferson's political and social philosophy, in his rôle as a representative of the producing class as against the financial, speculative and mercantile groups, the author is profoundly concerned. Jefferson the man is skillfully, rapidly and sympathetically sketched in, as providing a human framework for Mr. Nock's economic thesis. But, Mr. Nock remarks:

> What is one to do? If the development of intelligence in America goes on at its present rate, no more than four or five centuries will elapse, probably, before it will be generally seen that any one dealing with the political history of the Jeffersonian period must deal with it on the lines laid down by Mr. Beard. Meanwhile, one who wishes to deal with it under the handicap of a certain unhandiness with fable, convention and journalism, has little choice but to anticipate the judgment of that time.

Whether Mr. Nock's estimate of four to five centuries for the acceptance of history as he sees it is correct, it is certain that his conception is not likely to be widely current now. More probably he will be roundly abused in many quarters.

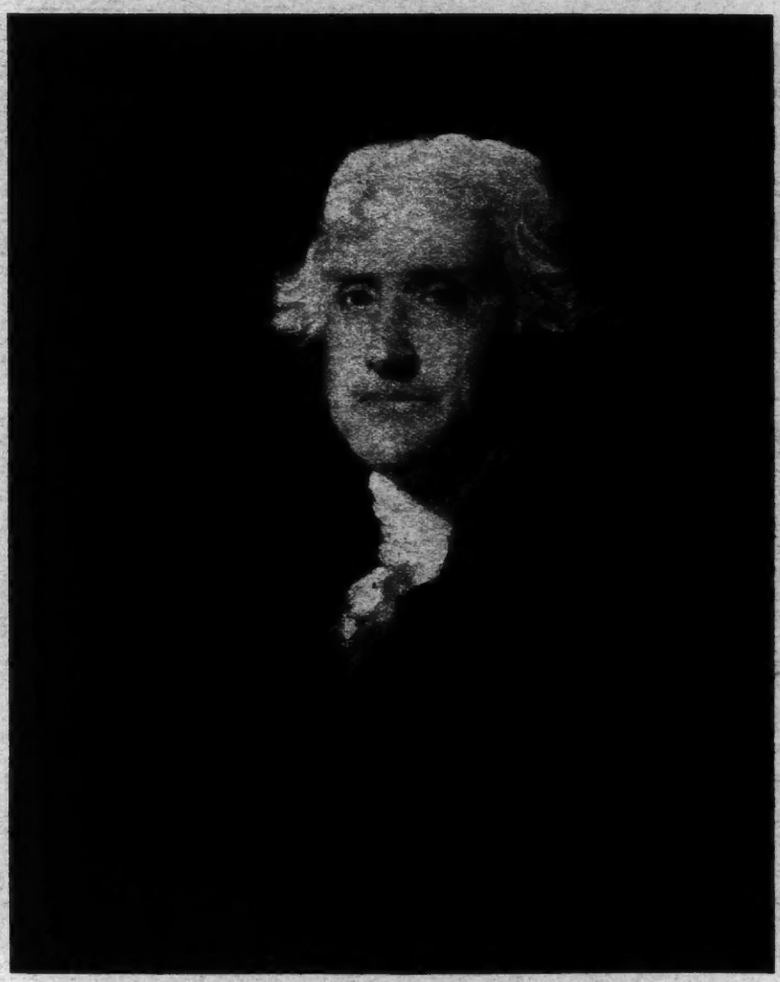
It matters not that Mr. Nock thinks Jefferson an economist more often blind than not to the consequences of his policies, frequently wrong. The biography is definitely not an attempt to detract from the reputation of one who many times has been belittled as a doctrinaire, a practitioner of the outward show of democratic forms. Mr. Nock has a genuine admiration for the character of his subject. He remarks incidentally that "If any one wishes to know the worst that a good attorney can make of Mr. Jefferson, it is to be found in Mr. Beveridge's biography of John Marshall." Jefferson emerges from these pages a man of noble private virtues, ardent sympathy for humanity and of no mean abilities. Mr. Nock's sketch of his career is one which Jefferson's admirers will welcome in many parts, whether they agree with the author's biographical economic determinism or not. Its clarity and freshness of style are invigorating.

Mr. Nock loses little time in revealing his approach to his topic. He goes rapidly through Jefferson's early life. The young student at William and Mary got his greatest stimulus from a close association with three mature men and from observing Williamsburg, the capital, as a kind of stark exponent of exploitation through politics. Through its secular arm, the British State, in its devotion to the doctrine of mercantilism, ruthlessly and stupidly exploited the labor of the Colonists. Through the Church it exploited their intellect and spirit.

Jefferson dated his letters from here "Devilsburg."

A five-word reference to his writing of the Declaration of Independence, a page or two to his activities prior to 1776, and Mr. Nock shows Mr. Jefferson in the Virginia Assembly, where he introduced the four bills which represented "the groundwork of his whole legislative scheme," forming, in Jefferson's words, "a system by which every fibre would be eradicated of ancient or future aristocracy, and a foundation laid for a government truly republican." He sought the repeal of the laws of entail, the abolition of primogeniture, establishment of religious liberty and popular education. They were a great advance for their time.

The extraordinary variety of Jefferson's interests attracts Mr. Nock. His studies in efficiency of labor methods of slaves have a modern sound. Farming, nature study, science, the classics, music were some of the fields his intellectual curiosity ranged. His inventions were many besides the swivel chair. He refused to patent his devices, not wishing to profit by monopolizing any useful idea, and Mr. Nock remarks that "it is no doubt due to him that the course of American patent law has borne no harder upon the public's interests than it has." When in the White House as President he made a note of the first appearance annually of every vegetable—thirty-seven in all—in the Washington markets. When traveling the useful information he acquired was prodigious and amazingly varied.



Portrait of Thomas Jefferson, by Gilbert Stuart.

Courtesy of the Ehrich Galleries.

Jefferson, Mr. Nock says, was "slow to apprehend" the nature of the Constitution.

It had been drafted, in the first place, by men representing special economic interests. Four-fifths of them were public creditors, one-third were land-speculators and one-fifth represented interests in shipping, manufacturing and merchandising. Most of them were lawyers. Not one of them represented the interest of production.

Jefferson's criticism of the document because it contained no bill of rights had been softened by amendments. But when Jefferson set out for Washington in 1790 to become Secretary of State, The administration of the Constitution, in the hands of those who had framed it, was revealing the true Federalist spirit. He had left France in the first year of her Revolution, "in the fervor of natural rights." He found no one in America speaking of natural rights, every one holding the French Revolution in horror, and people everywhere talking of the need for a strong government to "resist the depredations which the democratic spirit was likely to make upon 'the men of property.'"

When Washington's Cabinet came together, Mr. Jefferson confronted the coryphaeus of those ideas in the person of a very young and diminutive man with a big nose, a giddy, boyish and aggressive manner, whom Washington had appointed Secretary of the Treasury.

That was Alexander Hamilton. He and his Federalists—"the financial, speculative and mercantile interests of the country * * * at one another's elbow in the large towns; they could communicate quickly"—were arrayed against the producing interests, the scattered agrarians. Hamilton was sensible that his task "was, in Madison's phrase, to administration the Government into such modes as would insure economic supremacy to the non-producing interests." His root idea was "that of consolidating the interests of certain broad classes of 'the rich and well born' with the interests of government." His assumption bill, Federal Bank bill and the indoctrination of "the public with the idea that the close association of banking and government is a natural one," and the tariff were his plan.

Jefferson did not understand the ultimate ends of Hamilton's measures. He accepted the assumption bill in a bargain and made what he afterward realized was a great political error. Mr. Nock characterizes Jefferson and Hamilton:

> Both men represented an economic class-interest in government; in any proper use of the term, Mr. Jefferson seems to have been but little more a theoretical democrat than Hamilton. To view him as a theoretical or doctrinaire democrat is to disregard the most inadmissable inconsistencies, both in his public acts and in his expressions of governmental theory—inconsistencies which resolve themselves immediately when one views him as the representative of an economic class-interest. He was for control of Government by the producing class—that is to say, by the immense majority which in every society actually applies labor and capital to natural resources for the production of wealth. His instincts reacted like the reflex action of an eyelid against anything that menaced that interest. Hamilton's instinct reacted as promptly against anything that threatened to disturb the preponderance of the exploiting class—the minority, that is, which in every society appropriates without compensation the labor products of the majority.

Shortly after his election to the Vice Presidency, Mr. Nock writes, Jefferson "shortly gravitated into the position, quite alien to his natural bent, of leadership in a great popular movement; and he also came to be regarded, by no means properly, as the philosopher and thinker of that movement." He rather liked the office as one "honorable and easy"; the Presidency was but a "splendid misery." Of the election of 1800 Mr. Nock says that "the rich and well-born," in Adams's phrase, "saw that their intrenchment in the legislative and executive branches of the Government was no longer safe, and that they must shift it to the judiciary." Adams sat up half the last night he was in office filling judgeships.

Mr. Nock runs quickly through the eight years of splendid misery of Jefferson's two terms as President. "The industrial and commercial interests fared better under Mr. Jefferson than they had expected." He was fair and impartial and failed as before to grasp the economic consequences of the trend of Government, seeing no more than "externalities." The "mechanism of a Federal judiciary" under Marshall had by this time effected abolutism, in Mr. Nock's opinion.

> The power of the Federal judiciary was available as an instrument of absolutism, and to it accordingly the monopolist and exploiting interests of the country immediately took recourse. Even after the fact Mr. Jefferson was slow to get the bearings of this shift, and their economic rationale, indeed, he never got.

In this estimate of Mr. Jefferson's failure to grasp economic facts as he sees them Mr. Nock does not seem to do justice to the great Democratic leader's indictment of the judiciary. As for Mr. Jefferson's Embargo act, Mr. Nock naturally points out the inconsistency of a measure "wholly subversive of the principle of liberty * * * arbitrary, inquisitorial and confiscatory." The Louisiana Purchase Mr. Jefferson regarded as "a great service to the producer," but Mr. Nock sees it rather as a boon for the land speculator.

Mr. Nock pays scant attention to the frantic shouts of the rabble that Mr. Jefferson's ideas were not true born but were brought over from the French Revolution, or to the Jeffersonian exhibitions of democratic simplicity in office. In fact, the considerable space the author devotes to Jefferson's stay in France is given over more to the ideas which he gained by sightseeing, of public works and agriculture, than to any philosophical or political gleanings. He had written in 1786 of Shay's Rebellion that

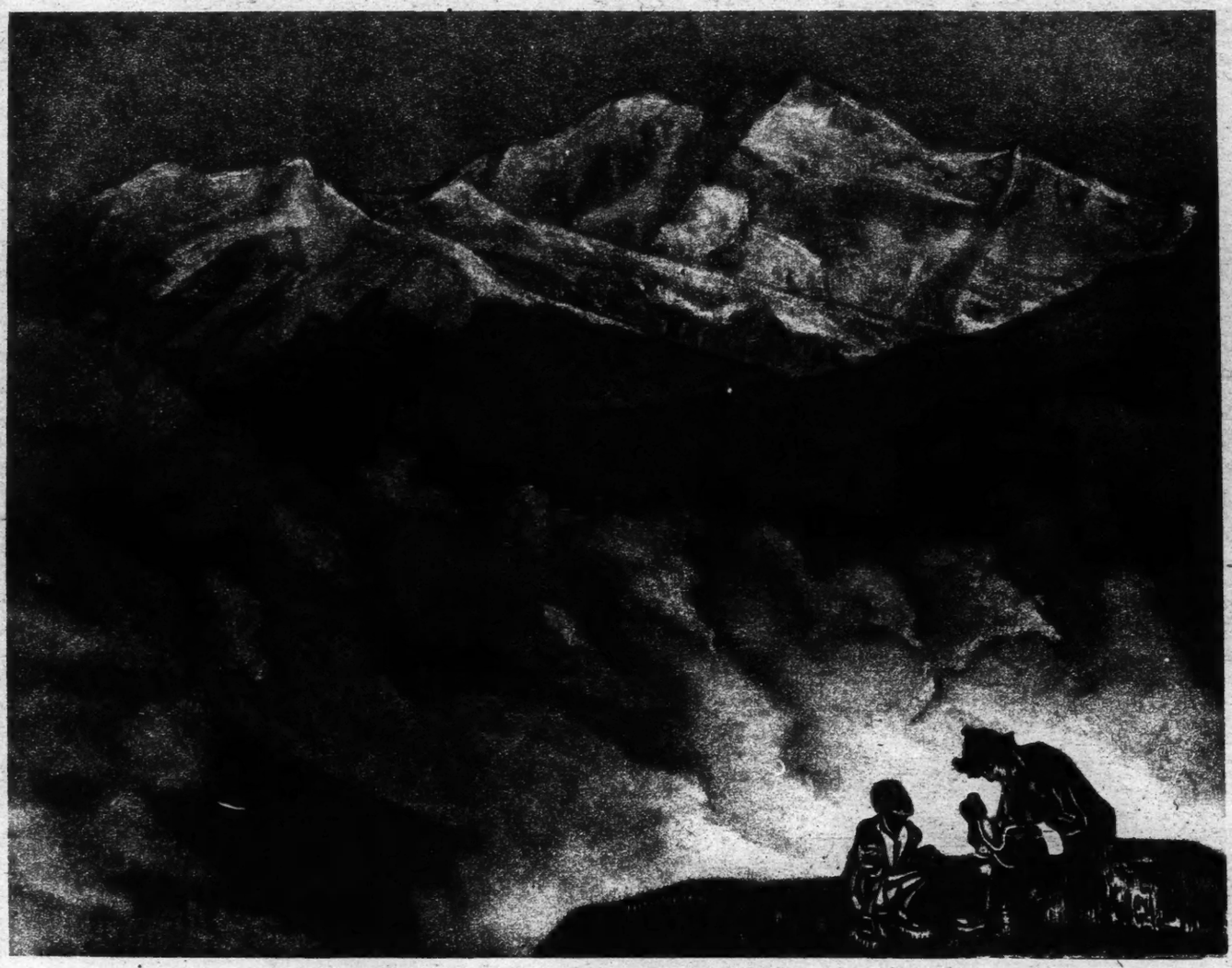
> I like a little rebellion now and then * * * the spirit of resistance to Government is so valuable on certain occasions that I wish it always to be kept alive.

He did not acquire his taste for revolution in France. Blunt John Adams thought that Jefferson's complacency about revolutions was because he was "fast asleep in philosophical tranquillity" elsewhere—an unfair dig at one who had taken part in America's struggle for independence and had seen much in France. Mr. Nock sees him as an admirable, honest and able American, to be praised for the class interest which he sought instinctively to represent, even though he did not comprehend the economic forces which warred in the young American republic. Jefferson retired to Monticello, to his varied intellectual interests and studies, and to the rolling tides of debt which were to overwhelm him. He died on July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. His last letter was an acknowledgment of an invitation to the celebration of that event.

In this, the wisdom which comes with death guided him into a singularly happy formulation, the clearest and most forceful that he ever made, of his lifelong contention "that the mass of mankind was not born with saddles on their backs, nor a favoured few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God."

Roerich Seeks a Composite Messiah in Tibet

Cushing Adulation and Communist Propaganda Make a Medley of His Monograph



A Carl of Searching." (Roerich Museum.)

The Illustrations on This and the Opposite Page Are Two of Roerich's Paintings Reproduced in "Himalaya."

ROERICH—HIMALAYA: A Monograph. Articles by Frances D. Grant, Mary Siegrist, George Grebenstchikoff, Ivan Noroday. And BANNERS OF THE EAST. By Nicholas Roerich. With 24 colorplates and 78 halftones. New York: Brentano's. Folio. $40.

By H. I. BROCK

HERE in a massive and opulent folio is collected a curious and amazing medley of material. Analysis of this material distinguishes certain components.

First, distributed through the book, is an exhibition through reproduction in color and otherwise of approximately one hundred of the paintings of Nicholas Roerich, these paintings concerned mainly with the Himalayan Mountains and the monasteries of the Red and Yellow Lamas in Tibet.

Second, preceding other letterpress, is a series of four appreciations of Nicholas Roerich keyed to such a screaming pitch of admiration that the critical reader can find in them no safe ground for anything like a just estimate of their subject. This is true whether he is taken as artist, archaeologist, prophet, or messiah of a new religion—or an old one—sublimate and conciliator of all the other religions that have sought to enlighten the world—and incidentally served to set the people of the world by the ears in a discord of jarring sects. In turn, by these disciples Roerich is seriously presented as supreme in each of these capacities. More, though he is frankly admitted a Russian (of the strain of Rurik), though he has been only an occasional resident of this country, one of these disciples proclaims him with conviction "the voice of America"—in spirit and in art the foreordained and foreseen successor of Walt Whitman. Roerich's art (says this disciple), "transplanted upon the soil of this country, has become an expression of America's soul and its great sustenance." The concrete evidence is the existence of the Roerich Museum in Riverside Drive, New York, where great numbers of "the master's" paintings are collected and preserved by a society devoted to his interests. Of these paintings more later.

The third component is a chaotic assemblage of notes by Nicholas Roerich himself leading the imagination captive with the picturesque title, "Banners of the East." These are notes of landscape powerfully and poetically pictured in words, of sights and sounds in the mountains and habitations of Sikhim and Kashmir—the tremendous sounds of religious ceremonial trumpets, the chiming of silver bells, notes of color and design in costume, sculptor's and painter's notes of faces and figures. All these are of extraordinary vividness. Mingled with them higgledy-piggledy are other notes—pregnant notes of mystery and mysticism.

There is a Quest. The clue to the goal of that quest lies among Himalayan lamaseries. Every now and again something is discovered that points the way. It is a seemingly trivial word dropped by a peasant or a lama—an encounter with a personage—a silence more eloquent than words. The impression is that the Fount of Ancient Wisdom is at hand just around the corner. Sir Oracle will speak—but at a date—a set date. And that date is not quite yet. There is something of the same fascination about it that you get from reading a detective story. But in his text, at least, Roerich does not lead you to the solution. The last entry is dated Sept. 19, 1925, and the place is Leh, Ladak. Ladak is still a country on the margin of Tibet—and the traveler is on his way, inward bound toward more mystery.

However, the story has been told, more or less outside. The Quest is for a manuscript purporting to give account of the years that elapsed between the boyhood of Jesus of Nazareth and his appearance as a man of thirty preaching in the Temple in Jerusalem. About the middle of the last century a certain Notovich came out of the East with what he said was the translation of such a manuscript which he had found in a Tibetan lamasery. That document has been printed in French and English and is accessible to anybody and everybody in several editions. Notovich's so-called translation was branded as a fake. Roerich's quest is for the manuscript Notovich claimed as his source. It has even been said that Roerich has found it. But there is nothing in his book to say so.

What Roerich does say is that there are legends in the Himalayas of the coming to India and Tibet of a Jewish teacher called Issa, who is identified with Jesus and was one who defied the Brahmins and championed the lowly. Roerich picks up fragments of lore about this teacher, and he associates them with a narrative which is in all essentials the narrative of Notovich.

All is kept vague—with a vagueness which may be the vagueness of art or may be only a twilight of knowledge. But the mystery goes further and deeper than the personal association of the Jesus of Christianity with the elder religions of the East—with the cult of Buddha especially. There is a looking forward to another figure—a figure who is in the prospect of far-off divine events in most religions—the ultimate Redeemer of the world. This figure looms mysteriously in all Roerich's backgrounds. He is coming out of the North—possibly Siberia—or Russia. The wise men of the East with whom Roerich has been in touch during his sojournings on the edge of India—these wise men, walking about their heaven, scaling hills or sitting purple-clad in their monasteries clinging to dizzy heights, are expecting a not remote appearance of this Redeemer. Roerich is concerned to show that the Coming One is the Redeemer or Maitreya, not of one religion but of all. By every seemingly idle bit of gossip or rumor or fact that he sets down he seems in his own mind to be piling up the evidence that the true religion which has kept alive this belief holds on in Tibet and that all the other religions (including Christianity) are hospitably included in it.

In some such fashion way back in the third century A. D. a certain Mani or Manes, said to be a high-born Persian of Ecbatana, founded a religion which borrowed something of Christianity—including at any rate the name of Jesus—and spread that religion east to Turkestan and the confines of China and west as far as Rome itself. No doubt it penetrated into Tibet. It might very well have left there all the odds and ends of Christ-legends which have fallen in Roerich's way and fitted so handily into his scheme. It might even conceivably have planted a MS. in some Tibetan monastery which would have furnished Notovich or anybody after him with all needful inspiration.

Manicheism is dead. It died long after its founder, who was crucified and then flayed by the Magi in the vain effort to stem the tide of what they regarded as submission to a pernicious doctrine of pragmatism as opposed to simple faith. For Mani taught that knowledge of the physical world was essential. He might be classified in modern terms as an evolutionist instead of a fundamentalist. St. Augustine himself was one of his disciples.

To return to Roerich. There is a certain prophetic fire, a divine frenzy in his concentration upon his quest and his perpetual returning to this idea of the oneness of religions and the Coming One who will make the whole world see them so. But there is another aspect of his doctrine. And this may reasonably excite suspicion and alarm among those who are always prone to see civilization menaced by the subversive forces that radiate from Red Moscow.

Without convicting myself of agreement with these persons, let me present the case as they might see it. The tutulary figures of the two great religions affected by Roerich's reconciliation are Buddha and Christ. He calls Buddha "the great communist." He calls Christ "the great communist." He makes much of the

Russian St. Sergius, "builder of communes," who "refused personal property because of his realisation of the harm of the idea." He celebrates Origen, "who understood the true sense of the teachings of Christ. 'And all the believers were together and held everything in common possession, and sold the estates and all properties were distributed to each according to his need.'" He involves even Moses and Plato in the "communal idea."

And the Redeemer comes "out of the North," Siberia is specifically mentioned. The British authorities, who kept an eye more or less attentive to Roerich's movements on the margins of their Indian Empire, are more than once held up to reprobation for pettiness and ungenerosity of spirit. Add that Nicholas Roerich and his party of "archaeologists" are in the heart of Asia where international intrigues meet, where the lion faces the bear that now walks like an agent of the Cheka.

Is it not quite simple to regard this Russian who paints pictures and rhapsodizes about the religious unity of great communists as an agent of Moscow? Can he be an ally of Mephistophelian M. Karakhan, who makes it so difficult for the diplomatic representatives of the European countries in Peking to save China from that excessive form of democracy which acknowledges the sainthood of Nikolai Lenin?

In short, is not this Redeemer who comes out of the North—most likely Siberia—the Red Revolution that is to redeem mankind and eliminate from the true religion the opium of the people which is fed to them in pellets of superstition by the persons who run the churches or organized religions associated with capitalistic States? Is it not subtly suggested that the One who is expected at a proximate date will be singing the Internationale? Further, when an enormous volume like this is put out in America, and put out at vast expense, is it not an equally subtle move toward undermining our native institutions, coming as it does under the guise of art—foreign art giving itself the airs of very high art indeed and flatteringly calling itself American? Is it not the more perilous for adding to the appeal of art (to which we Americans now are so peculiarly susceptible) the sanction of the higher humanitarianism, notoriously another of our amiable weaknesses?

I am far from saying that these suspicions are justified by any conduct or affiliations of Nicholas Roerich, whose importance probably consists in his extraordinary gifts as a translator of mountain scenery into terms of paint. But the case can be stated as above without the least distortion of Roerich's words, and the inference, granting a certain bias in the drawer of the inference, cannot well be excluded from the sum of inferences.

If you choose, you may say that there is no keeping Art in its place any longer. It insists on getting mixed up with life as it never was in the halcyon period to which Thomas Beer has assigned mauve as a color-coefficient. Also, if you choose, you can say the artist Roerich is merely the victim of the excessive enthusiasm of disciples who have brought out his works in much too pretentious, not to say portentous, form. You may dismiss the implication of Bolshevist poison in the pill as due to an equally distorted vision.

What the unwieldy tome does present is admirable translations into print of some really remarkable paintings. Nicholas Roerich has been associated with the art of painting since 1896, when at the age of 22 he exhibited in his native St. Petersburg, now Leningrad. He has been associated with musicians like Stravinsky and made stage settings for the "Snowmaiden" for the Chicago Opera Company. He has painted the desert country of the American Southwest. In this volume are collected his paintings of the Himalayas and the picturesque religious settlements of the part of Asia over which the Himalayas reign. About these paintings—many of which this writer has seen in the original—there is a suggestion of stage "decor," but the landscape forms, the lights, the bold design of the shadows, the patterns of the recessionals of jagged outlines, the effects of color and the illusion of distance, are technical achievements of a very impressive sort. There is power and surprise and a certain splendor about these landscapes.

Too often, however, the landscapes are used merely as the background—the stage setting, as it were, of a figure or figures of proclaimed religious significance. These figures are taken from the legends of the country, and in the native art of the country are often not without commanding beauty. In Roerich's version, they are apt to seem like stage dummies which have no relation to the background, which do not compose with it and, to be short about it, in the opinion of the unlearned in comparative religions, spoil the picture. As one very sensitive artist put it, the figures look as if they were cut out and pasted on after the real painting was done. Roerich's work as a stage designer may have left him careless in this matter of disposing the figure which in the stage-set the acto supply. And not all of his figures are so unrelated to the composition. A figure of St. Sergius in a setting of trees and snow is theatrical but the saint is in the theatre.

As to the religious significance of the figures and their adequacy as symbolical expressions of the moods and tenises of Eastern mysticism—of Lamaism and Buddhism, this commentator does not attempt to speak. The most that can be said from a point of view so exoteric is that the modern Russian does not produce the effects which the ancient Orientals do produce even where the eye appealed to is no more than the Western eye of one more or less accustomed to the forms of art and the comparison of such forms.

To sum up, it is a vast book with some very striking things in it. Probably it should be regarded as a monument to the enthusiasm of overzealous disciples of a man who affects his followers with a sort of idolatry. On any other principle certainly, the four introductory contributions with their crescendo of adulation are impossible of reasonable classification.

Two Frenchmen Consider the Unchanging East

De Gobineau and Chivas-Baron Typify the Shifting Fashions of French Imperialism

THREE WOMEN OF ANNAM. By Cl. Chivas-Baron, Member of the French Academy. Authorized translation from the French by Faith Chipperfield. 267 pp. New York: Frank-Maurice, Inc. $2.50.
FIVE ORIENTAL TALES. By Comte de Gobineau. With a preface by Ernest Boyd. 278 pp New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

By JOHN CARTER

TWO books of short stories of Oriental life by two talented members of the Gallic race illustrate a difference of viewpoint which is hardly to be accounted for by temperamental variance or by the sixty-odd years which separate the Comte de Gobineau from M. Chivas-Baron. The former, rated by Mr. Boyd as the founder of the racial philosophy of "historic Aryanism," progenitor of the Nordic complex, "had the misfortune to live from 1816 to 1882, during a period when his pre-Nietzschean doctrine of the superman had little chance of acceptance from a world recovering from the passage of Napoleon, and when his anti-democratic, amoral conception of history and politics directly challenged all the superstitions of nineteenth century democracy."

The Comte de Gobineau thus voiced the philosophy, expanded later by expediency as "The White Man's Burden." At that time, France was singularly free from burdens of a colonial nature. Nous avons changé tout cela! And when M. Chivas-Baron writes of the Orient it is of an Orient in which France has a considerable stake. Accordingly he takes the tone, prevalent in recent years (since it appeared that France was capable of great things in Northern Africa), of considering the Frenchman as a sort of great, big fertilizing bee, busily transferring the pollen of the lotus and other Eastern blooms, a giant, virile, invigorating force. Grafted on this somewhat nauseous racial conception is the equally objectionable theory that part of the white man's burden, in French Indo-China at least, is taking the native women as concubines. This theme has been prevalent in French literature ever since Pierre Loti indicated its possibilities. Combined with orthodox twentieth century racial Aryanism, the draught is cloying.

Women in the East have a hard row to hoe, argues Chivas-Baron. Not only are they subject to the whims of desire, they are slaves to the "Cult of the Ancestors," which demands that they provide their husbands with heirs or find them second wives capable of this achievement.

> The gods are hard on women. And the strange thing is that the Annamite women almost always accept this condition gladly. * * * Western women are fortunate. They have only to submit to the law of fidelity. * * * We are women in love * * * poor pitiful women.

In his three stories, "Memories of Thi-Vinh," "Mi-Lan" and "Madame Hoa's Husbands," M. Chivas-Baron shows the Frenchmen generously mitigating the lot of the poor Annamite females. The first tale concerns itself with a girl of mandarin rank, bred to a high sense of duty, who gave up her affianced lover Dinh-Ba in order to be a concubine of the Emperor Dong-Khanh. For the French she feels naught but hatred, as cruel conquerors of the warrior Emperors Minh-Mang and Tu Duc, although her father assures her:

> The law of conquest is always written in ruins on the land at last subdued. There are other Occidental peoples whose yoke is heavier than that of the French. May the Gods spare us their despotic domination.

Mi-Lan, heroine of the next narrative, is tempted by Cai-Boung, a notorious procuress of Hanoi, to sell herself to the French. Being well-bred, she prefers

> A husband not coarse like the coolies, a husband who knows the sacred characters, and who, at night beneath the stars, would recite the poems of Annam while I nursed his first born. * * * A Frenchman's love can't be like that. I hate all these men who tempt the daughters of Annam with their gold and the gewgaws with which they deck them.

The third tale of this marital trilogy concerns a young girl who did sell herself to a Frenchman until he should tire of her. Hoa, a girl of Hanoi, is first the temporary wife of Jacques Vieillis, an opium fiend, then of Guy de Moncerny, an absinthe addict, who beats her and to whom she bears a daughter, Thi-Cam, and finally of Lucien Maucombe, a penniless little clerk, with a family in France, to whom Hoa also bears a daughter, Lucienne. Maucombe eventually returns to France and Hoa returns to her family, exultantly happy:

> "I have done no wrong," she reflects, "I never speculated on my charms. I judge myself as worthy of respect as the purest wife of an Annamite husband. * * * Indeed, I believe it is a privilege for a woman of my race to be chosen as companion—however temporarily—by loyal Frenchmen."

Tiens! M. Chivas-Baron rests his case on that agreeable conclusion, to be followed, one imagines, by a mad rush of French emigrants to the Annamite colony.

"Five Oriental Tales" stand in sharp contrast to the sentimental succulence of "Three Women of Annam." The Comte de Gobineau was a diplomat, a traveler, a philosopher; it was his business, his taste and his nature to inform himself exactly concerning the Oriental peoples with whom he dealt. Accordingly, in his writings there is no parade of exotic detail, no gush of Arabic names, no shrill crying of geckos. All is hard, cool and humorous—the best and most satisfactory prose which the eighteenth century bequeathed to France. His knowledge of the Orient flowers in incident, in character, in action; nor does he refuse himself the consolations of an ironical humor.

Asiatic women are not to him merely the white man's haversack:

> The women of Asia, high and low, possess no social rank whatever; they are women, either empresses or servants, and women they remain, being allowed in consequence to say and do everything without incurring in reason or justice the responsibility of their thoughts and acts. They deal solely with passion, which, as the case may be, debases, kills or crowns them.

The first story, "The Dancing Girl of Shamakha," and the last, "The Lovers of Kandahar," deal with themes of this kind, love, passion and death, the latter tale being merely an Afghan "Romeo and Juliet." The three intervening tales, however, "The Story of Gamber-Aly," "The War with the Turkomans" and "The Illustrious Magician," are veritable masterpieces, humorous observation of Eastern folkways, comparable to that neglected little work of art, "Hajji Baba of Ispahan."

The family of Gamber-Aly is as international as Mr. Micawber:

> When Fortune smiled, and dropped some piece of money into the hands of the family, they put into practice a very wise financial system—they amused themselves with one-third, with another they speculated, with the third they redeemed some regretted article, or liquidated the public debt. The last combination was rare.

There is also a wealth of humorous wisdom in the following picture of Oriental government, given to Gamber-Aly on his seeking government employment:

> It is your business to make your interests agree with those of the peasants, who never want to pay; with those of the State, which wishes always to receive; with those of the Prince, who would be put out if he had his hands empty. Believe me, it is a perfect gold mine.

So perfect, that when the Prince of Shiraz left for Teheran (to be stripped of his gains by the Court), with Gamber-Aly in his train, it was amid a crowd of howling women:

> "Dog! Son of a dog! Great-grandson of a dog! Bandit! Robber! Assassin! Thief!" and many other epithets, issued fervently from the lips of these warriors. In the midst of such ejaculations, a reserve of street boys, safely intrenched behind their mothers, sang at the top of their voices fragments like the following: "The Prince of Shiraz, the Prince of Shiraz, is a fool! is a fool! His mother is a jade, and his sister is the same!"

If "The Story of Gamber-Aly" is a pitiless dissection of Oriental Government, "The War With the Turkomans" is an even more mordant analysis of military graft, or "squeeze," worked out to such a fine point that irony is the only treatment which can do justice to the subject. The omnipotent Department of State should make a detailed study of these two stories obligatory upon all candidates for diplomatic or consular posts in the Near, Middle or Far East. Even that could not rob them of their charm.

"The Illustrious Magician," shortest of all these stories, is the one which comes closest to being really universal art. The story of Mirza-Kasseem, who was persuaded by a dervish to leave his home in quest of the secret which would explain all life, and his failure to resign himself to parting with his beautiful wife, Amyneh, is universal in its appeal, and almost allegorical in its action. Mirza begins his quest by devoting himself to poverty, casting his rich garments into a fire:

> Without dwelling further on Kassem's adventures and his final reunion with Amyneh, one is grateful to the author for including the following incident, which tells more of the true East than any amount of detailed description. Three fashionable Persian ladies are gossiping:
>
> "It appears that, in some of his tender moments, Seyd Housseyn took the liberty of looking at his wife's ears."
>
> "Oh, horrors!" simultaneously ejaculated Zemrood and Looloo.
>
> "Unheard of grossness!" pursued Bulbul, with a shrug of her shoulders and a tone of incomparable prudery.

If the consciousness of empire has transmuted the Gallic genius for witty, precise and penetrating observation evinced by the Comte de Gobineau, into a sentimental imperialism, 50 per cent. Kipling and 50 per cent. Loti, such as that which inspires "Three Women of Annam," the world of the intellect, in which the colonies of France are so numerous and so productive, may well express the hope that the oversens possessions of the French republic may slip from her grasp. The world can get along very well, a thousand years hence, without Marshal Lyautey; it can never dispense with such writings as those of the Comte de Gobineau, or with the quality of clear, derisive vision which is their great charm.

"The Watch on Himalayas."

HARDSHIPS OF A PIONEERING GASTRONOMER

Brillat-Savarin, the French Magistrate, Legislator, Gourmet and Author of the Inimitable "Physiologie du Gout," Visited the United States in 1820 and Was Horrified at American Cooking.

Liam O'Flaherty Deals Harshly With the Emerald Isle

SPRING SOWING. By Liam O'Flaherty. 287 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. LIAM O'FLAHERTY is not the least among a group of very up-and-doing young Irish writers whose main concern is a reinterpretation of Ireland in terms which the world at large, unacquainted with Ireland's peculiar problems, can understand. The process seems to be attended with a good deal of fracas and acrimony, and one does not need to be a prophet nor the son of a prophet to see why. Endemic misgovernment cannot exist in a country for generations without inducing a certain habit in its thinking, and, naturally, the literature in which its thinking is made manifest. Even in an individual, the effect of an abiding grievance generally appears in a sort of atrophy of the faculty of self-criticism. A thousand times more truly is this the case when the grievance is one inherited and shared by an entire nation and when the need for self-justification is a national concern. Then it is not difficult for any admission of failings and even vices which are the common lot of human nature to present themselves as a subtle form of treachery, all the more dangerous because the outside world cannot understand why the charge of poor patriotism should be brought against it. Much of the scandal that has waited upon certain plays and novels by Irish writers in the last ten or fifteen years is not attributable to any fault of temper within themselves. Compared with what the peoples of other European countries or of America have grown used to tolerating from their own sons, the criticism in which they have indulged strikes one as almost urbane. But in falling short of the passionate loyalty which a faith and political theory proscribed for two centuries and barely tolerated for one had grown used to demanding, it has been felt as an unwelcome innovation. Many years, one feels, must pass—possibly a generation that has grown up in a state of intellectual siege—must give place to a new and different one before the liberty accorded other writers as a matter of course ceases to cast suspicion upon the motives and allegiance of the Irish Catholic novelist.

These remarks, it should be added, apply rather to previous work by the author of "The Informer" than to the present volume of thirty-three short studies and stories from his hand. In "Spring Sowing" the frankness and realism for which the soldier-writer has sometimes been blamed by native critics persists rather as a method than as a deliberate gesture. One might very well say that his emancipation from the earlier tradition is made clear far less by what he says than by what he fails to say. In line with the contemporary plan for symbolism and for the egocentric his peasants, fishermen, tramps, monks and gunmen are amorphous creatures, bound and conditioned by the circumstances of their economic or mechanistic lives, thrust into tragedy or futility by motives that are the common heritage of mankind, upon the Dakota prairie no more and no less than upon the bogs of Arran, upon the waterfront of Singapore and upon the quay of Cobh. Like so many traveled and writing Irishmen today, he seems to doubt the significance of nationality as a prime factor. Like nearly all the contemporary writers of the North, with whom the newer Irish tradition is so much akin, travel only seems to have confirmed his conviction that human nature remains a constant, and that the loneliest hamlet in the most backward country is a quite sufficient microcosm of humanity for all purposes of literary artistry.

Of the thirty-three sketches contained in Mr. O'Flaherty's book, the one which gives the collection its title is a sombre study of a young peasant and his six months' bride beginning their farmer's year on a dull, bleak February morning, both man and woman vaguely overcome with the finality of the destiny they have chosen and half-ashamed of feeling mutual affection in face of the elemental forces with which they will henceforth have to wage an unending struggle. A shy caress on the woman's part brings a reproach from her mate and Mary, as she resumes her sowing, becomes "suddenly afraid of that pitiless, cruel earth, the peasant's slave master, that would keep her chained to hard work and poverty all her life until she would sink into its bosom."

In "Benedicamus Domino" the ungrateful reverse of community life, with its occasional pettinesses, backbiting, spiritual envy and suspicion is given us through the bilious eyes of a young art-student novice who has mistaken his vocation and is panting for escape. "Blood Lust" and "The Struggle" are two stories of primitive hatred to death, made all the more terrible because their background is an element that is itself at war with human life. "The Doctor's Visit" is a devastating picture of the harsh mercy that overtakes a pauper who welcomes sickness because it earns him a right to shelter and food. A poverty, indeed, so desperate in its completeness and hopelessness that it is a little hard for Americans to seize all its implications, invests all Mr. O'Flaherty's stories of the people, like a sour smell in a condemned tenement. In "Wolf Lanigan's Death," a story of crime, betrayal and murder in the Dublin slums, we are, no doubt, watching the germ of the idea that blossomed into "The Informer."

It will already be apparent that Mr. O'Flaherty's besetting vice, which he shares with his great countryman, Dean Swift, is misanthropy. Like the terrible satirist who wrote "Gulliver," he is both fascinated and repelled by the sufficiency unto themselves of coarse and unillumined minds, and from the distance of his own disillusionment regards the narrow circle of their interests with a surmise that is compounded of aversion and something very like a reluctant respect. For this reason, perhaps, by far the least unpleasant of his studies are those which concern themselves with the animal creation—the fugitive life of fur, fin and feather. Such stories as "The Rockfish," "His First Flight," "The Wild Sow," "The Kill" and "The Cow's Death" show a faculty for entering into the blind, unreasoning life, the instincts, appetities and terrors that lurk behind snout and beak and muzzle that almost opens up a new province of literature. It is true that in all these sketches man, the hunter and despoiler, is made the villain of the piece, and that their dispersion here and there at intervals amid tales of men scarcely less savage and primitive, has the effect of an ironic intention. But what his countryman, Mr. A. E. Russell, has justly termed "the amazing energy, the sanity and passion," with which each tenebrous pattern is achieved are quite sufficient to earn Liam O'Flaherty a foremost place among the clever younger writers who are creating the new Irish literature of imagination and satire.

OPPENHEIM AGAIN

PRODIGALS OF MONTE CARLO. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

WOULD that E. Phillips Oppenheim were as original as he is prolific! His books have now reached a gigantic total somewhere in excess of ninety, but it cannot be said that each volume is an advance upon the last, or that the author's latest works take us into domains wherein the earlier could not penetrate. Instead, Mr. Oppenheim seems to have hit upon the old device of spreading the same paints over innumerable canvases; the resemblances of each of his books to the last are greater than the differences, and in each case the author seems to be an adept at creating the same sort of made-to-order situations, the same standardized characters, the same artificial and slightly tawdry and unreal atmosphere.

These thoughts are aroused in particular by Mr. Oppenheim's latest novel, which is so typical of the author that it is likely to add nothing to his stature or reputation. From beginning to end it is thoroughly conventionalized pseudo-realism—or, in other words, that sort of realism which draws upon a few of the externals of observed reality in order to fabricate a romance of the species that must necessarily end to the tune of clinking gold and jingling marriage bells. As the title implies, the greater part of the action takes place at Monte Carlo—but Monte Carlo is not the starting place, for the story opens when Sir Hargrave Wendever, baronet, receives a severe fall while out hunting and is told by his physician that he has not a year to live. What to do with his remaining few months is now the absorbing problem of his life—and he resolves to combine a career of pleasure at Monte Carlo with an attempt to bring joy into the drab lives of needy folk. As the particular object of his benefactions he selects a pretty young manicurist, vouchsafing her and her brother a free trip to Monte Carlo absolutely without obligation on their part—and the sequel develops throughout many pages and chapters very much according to the way of novels in general, leading toward that happy consummation which the reader may divine three-quarters of the book in advance, but which the reviewer must be very cautious not to reveal.

A GOOD THRILLER

THE MAN WHO KNEW. By Patrick Leyton. 312 pp. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

MR. LEYTON ignores the tendency toward subtlety and refinement that has of late been creeping into the mystery story field. He sets out to produce a thriller and he does so with extraordinary success. The story never lags. This is decidedly not a book to pick up when you hope to get to bed at a reasonable hour; it defies disturbance. Had Nero been reading "The Man Who Knew" instead of performing his famous musical act, he might never have found out that Rome was on fire.

The plot welds together practically all of the known elements of mystery and detective story writing. Among the incidental details are robbery, kidnapping, murder and torture; a notorious band of thieves is at the bottom of the story; then there are, of course, the county police, detectives, amateur detectives and two-gun men from the wild West bent on vengeance. The plot is so extensive that the author can constantly let the reader in on the baffling complexities that keep arising, yet, by the time that he does this, so much more has happened that what a few moments before seemed a detail of the utmost consequence is almost forgotten in a new excitement. This fact, perhaps more than any other, contributes to the intensity of the story. The author does not rely for suspense upon the uncovering of a single detail; the entire story is a series of dénouements, each new revelation adding to rather than detracting from the general suspense.

The action starts at once with the theft of a $100,000 necklace. Eleven people, all of them well known and of supposedly impeccable morals, are sitting around the dinner table at the usual fashionable English country house. One of the ladies is wearing the necklace, which is composed of enormous diamonds, and after a round of general admiration, she passes it about the table so that the guests may inspect it at close quarters. Suddenly the lights go out; when, a moment later, they come on again, the necklace has disappeared. The situation rapidly becomes embarrassing for all present. When a thorough search fails to reveal the missing gems, the county police are called in.

It seems scarcely necessary to say that each guest has said or done something to make him or her suspected. The most general suspicion, however, falls upon Dennis Chartley, the young and impecunious secretary of Robert Ainsley, the master of the house. Almost at once Chartley adds to the precariousness of his position by trying to dash from the dining room as the detectives are searching the other guests.

No definite clues are found the first evening, and the police decide to let the matter rest until the following day. As the guests are about to retire, Danesby, the butler, informs them that he knows the identity of the thief, and says that, to avoid scandal, if the guilty person will come into his room after he has gone to bed and will place the necklace in his hand, there will be no further trouble and no one will ever know about it.

Although he is guarded by a detective, Chartley manages to climb out of his window during the night. He goes into the dining room and into Danesby's room, but is unable to return to bed without being discovered. The next morning it is found that the butler was murdered in his bed. All of this happens in the first seventy-five pages of the book. From then on the excitement increases constantly.

Any reader who enjoys a "red-blooded" thriller and who requires nothing of a book but sustained excitement, will get his money's worth out of "The Man Who Knew." It is among the best of its kind.

SIN AND PUNISHMENT

THE UNKNOWN GODDESS. By Ruth Cross. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

THE innocent young girl and the evilly disposed man of the world trapped together in a lonely shanty or in a cyclone cellar upon the sudden approach of a storm—this does not constitute precisely a new beginning for a novel, yet it is one whose popularity seems never to wane, however hackneyed it may become. The latest to employ this old device is Ruth Cross, whose story, "The Unknown Goddess," is concerned mainly with showing how the young heroine's life is altered and shaped by an assault committed upon her to the usual accompaniment of a roaring tempest and a secluded, dark retreat wherein the villain takes advantage of her youth.

The scoundrel in this case is all the

viler because he is a loud-voiced evangelist who goes about the country preaching righteousness, and the victim is all the more to be pitied because she is an adolescent girl who knows nothing of the facts of life. But, contrary to the general law governing melodrama, the innocent is punished for the offense while the guilty goes scot free; and Noel, the unfortunate girl, is hounded through life as the target of malicious gossip, while Jarnigan, the erring preacher, suffers no penalty whatever for his offense. It cannot be said, however, that the scandal ends Noel's career, for the author accompanies her through hundreds of adventurous pages, wherein she first goes wandering from boarding school to boarding school, later receives some scattered training as a nurse, then undertakes a farcical marriage with an amorous old man, then runs away and roves about the country as a sort of "faith healer," and in the end finds long-elusive love almost within her grasp, and faces a problem which tests to the utmost her courage and her capacity for self-sacrifice.

Although blended of a hundred often-used and conventional elements, the novel is not without power to interest and not without a certain mild skill in character portraiture, a skill which is particularly in evidence in the delineation of the central character. Moreover, while the author has recourse to not a few of the old overworked situations, she has the merit of avoiding the stereotyped grooves in her final passages and retains an obvious opportunity to sugar-coat the ending. But on the whole the book is more readable than distinguished, and nearer to the standardized than to the original. It is an average specimen of the novels being turned out by the present-day fiction mills.

MURDER AFTER MURDER

THE TERRIBLE PEOPLE. By Edgar Wallace. 325 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

IN his own field Edgar Wallace has built up a reputation from a higher level of work than many people to whom he is simply a name may imagine. His detective stories, though they do not rank quite with the best of our day, manage to show consistent merit. They are the output of an intelligent, ingenious workman who has also the knack, so frequently missing in writers of his kind, of good story telling. His latest book, "The Terrible People," is true to the Wallace tradition.

It is always difficult to know how much of a detective story should be told and how much omitted; and in the case of "The Terrible People" the difficulty is made greater by an extremely complicated and dynamic plot. Mr. Wallace has almost an excess of material in this novel, and he uses for his initial situation what might nearly have provided a story in itself. "Betcher" Long, a young detective who is the son of a multimillionaire, gets on the trail of the sensational Clay Shelton, who with consummate cleverness has forged money out of banks for years without being caught. The secret of Shelton's success seems to lie in his being a lone hand. Long finally captures him, Shelton commits murder in trying to escape, and is condemned to hang. Just before the trap is sprung he threatens his captor Long that he'll come after him from the grave, that the "Terrible People" will be at his throat.

Soon enough the Terrible People begin their work—"Betcher" narrowly escapes death on leaving the prison that very morning. That is simply the beginning. Long finds a whole network of crime, mischief and mystery around him. There is the maiden lady, Miss Revelstoke; there are the hotelkeeper, Cravel, and his sister, Alice; there is pale, thin Jackson Crayley; there is Frederick Henry, Miss Revelstoke's young lawyer. Gradually "Betcher" sees these people are not isolated individuals, but a distinct group. And of course there is Miss Revelstoke's pretty secretary, whose friendship "Betcher" comes to value and whose life is frequently in danger.

Murder follows murder, scene changes to scene, as the story unfolds ply on ply. Mr. Wallace has a fertile and generous enough brain to reveal, little by little, the trend and truth of his mystery, reserving for the end the key to his facts rather than a whole mass of the facts themselves, and for that reason his story is continuously absorbing and seems less absurd than it might were all its explanations fired off in the last dozen pages. The final all-encompassing explanation at the end of "The Terrible People" is at least valid in terms of the story, and develops logically from earlier happenings. That is about the best that any writer of detective stories can do.

It is perhaps worthy of note that one of the central mysteries in "The Terrible People"—how Monkford was murdered—is explained by the same device used for the central mystery of Henry Leverage's well-known "Whispering Wires." But aside from this case of precedent, "The Terrible People" is original and in many places exciting. Though far from perfect, it is much better than the average detective yarn.

IN NEW MEXICO

MILESTONES. A Novel of New Mexico. By Maynor D. McGee. 378 pp. Chicago, New York: M. A. Donohue & Co. $2.

MAYNOR D. McGEE'S novel, "Milestones," is built up on an interesting theme: the great conflict which is being silently waged between the different breeds and bloods in the social, economic and political fields of New Mexico.

The State contains a new and aggressive Anglo-Saxon population that is rearing its institutions on the ruins of the oldest European civilization in the United States, yet all the while meeting with a stubborn, passive resistance from the original owners of the soil.

The Spanish rovers of the sixteenth century found in this part of the country races of dusky people, with antecedents dating far back into antiquity, who, refusing to be dislodged from their ancient abodes, yielded only to the amalgamation of blood. And today the so-called "Mexican" of New Mexico, a man of mongrel blood, noiselessly and without outward sign, fights for possession of the land and his ancient culture as tenaciously as did the warriors of Montezuma on the battlements of their sacred temples before the profaning hand of the conquering Cortes.

With such picturesque material at hand, Mrs. McGee had the chance to write a really worth-while book. Unfortunately the subject was too big for her. An immaturity of style plus a bad habit of piling agony upon agony in the effort to wring every drop out of a dramatic situation, results in an amateurishness of execution despite the author's sincere seriousness of purpose.

The arch-villain of the story is guilty of too many nefarious deeds. The French have a saying that "in the dark all cats are black." But, compared to the blackness of Manuel Salazar's soul, cimmerian midnight is but the rosy glimmer of a Summer dawn.

Four protagonists are used to prove that Mexican and Anglo-Saxon can never understand each other's psychology. Howard Langdon, "the noble young hero," and Annie Laxton, "the pure and beautiful heroine," have every grace and virtue; while Manuel and Manuelita Salazar, half-breed twin brother and sister, are saddled with all the vices of their mixed ancestry.

The first chapter reveals the love that exists between Howard and Annie and the fiery passion for Howard that consumes Manuelita; likewise Manuel's infatuation for the "floweriike Annie." Manuelita makes no secret of her feeling for young Langdon. She waylays him on the motor highway, jumps on the fender of his car, throws her arms about his neck and kisses him. Poor Howard! Her lips "drew a train of fire across his. Gone was every thought in the world except the exotic sweetness of that kiss. He felt all the primitive urge of his warm nature." But, fortunately for him, his love for Annie saves him from a compromising entanglement—and Manuelita's rose-red spell is broken.

In a story of the "Milestones" type virtue is necessarily rewarded while vice brings about its own downfall. But Howard and Annie are dragged through all sorts of melodramatic horrors before the final curtain falls on the triumphant Anglo-Saxon lovers with the utter rout of the execrable and perfidious Mexicans.

PEACE AND HONOR

WITH OR WITHOUT. By Fannie Heaslip Lea. 184 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75.

THE key to the title of Miss Lea's new novel is to be found on the second page of this story, when the heroine and her husband are in the midst of a connubial altercation and the author says that "Sally hated hostilities. She hated a scene, although, if driven to it, she staged a good one. She was usually willing to trade struggle-with-honor for peace-without-it." The story begins with the announcement, "The Devlins were having a row," and the added explanation that this was nothing unusual. This particular row, however, was of unusual importance for both of them. For to Sally's distaste was added a developing conviction that if they must undergo such frequent disturbances their marriage was a failure, they did not any longer love each other, it was impossible to look forward to a continuous future of this sort of thing, that she wanted to be free again. And then, on the moment, came a sudden turn of affairs that made freedom possible, if she wanted to take it. At once she packed her bag, left their home, sought a job. What follows makes a clever little social comedy, whose humor skirts closely upon pathos and even comes in sight of tragedy now and then. It is a slight little tale, whose interest lies largely in the telling, although it has moments of real drama and is not without sufficient complications of plot and enough uncertainty and suspense to hold the attention. It is skillfully contrived and the conversations, upon which the author has put most of the burden of carrying on the story, are cleverly and amusingly done.

A SUMMER IDYL

THE WONDERING MOON. By George Weston. 307 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

READERS of George Weston's new volume, "The Wondering Moon," may puzzle their heads for a while over just what connection his title bears to his tale. Then after enjoying his happily conceived and happily executed blithe romance of youth, they may find some clue. Just what is that wise old sphere, the moon, "wondering"? Like as not those lunar ruminations embody such queries as these: Is the public tired and sick of "sex" fiction? Can a hero or a heroine depicted from a healthy normal angle, without a wink at the word "psychopathic," hope to gain popular favor? Will there be a chance for a piece of fiction that avoids even a passing reference to complexes, and refuses to call by name such a long-established, respectable New England product as an inhibition?

Readers may well wonder with the moon. For Mr. Weston's tale is as free from guile as an Elsie book. He concerns himself with literary ingredients as wholesome and as homeopathic as Mrs. Grundy would deem suitable for juvenile reading on a rainy Sabbath. He takes for his heroine a girl brought up on the Western plains, self-reliant yet not mannish, capable yet wholly charming, but one who turns away embarrassed eyes from L'Après-midi d'un Faun. He brings her East to her old family home in Connecticut, and confronts her with a mystery and a task. The mystery forms into a cloud of uncertainty that envelops the manner of her father's death and the loss of his fortune. The task consists of trying to clear that father's good name compromised by the disappearance of funds entrusted to his care.

In bald outline this would appear to force upon Mr. Weston's fair heroine the attributes of the sleuth, and to lift his story from classification as a Summer idyl to a tale of intrigue and of sinister happenings. But such is not the case. The bald outline fails to include the cave-dwelling episodes which comprise two-thirds at least of the book's content. Bad fortune, which had good fortune stepping quickly in its footprints, sends this Ethel Mariand, her two attractive sisters and a young brother into a period of forced camping in the Connecticut woods. Into this Swiss Family Robinson existence enter a number of young men, sufficient to make this earthly paradise complete, and even one or two over and to spare.

Those who recall Mr. Weston's earlier novel, "Queen of the World," or more particularly his "Beauty Prize," will remember his facility in writing straightforward and entertaining narrative. In his present book he quite deftly blends his mystery complications with his romantic, while definitely placing his emphasis on the romance. He writes for the most part in brief episodic chapters, and at a tempo not too breathless to be followed on the hottest day of midsummer. To enumerate one by one the complications, some of them not without an element of danger, which beset the path of this fair defender of reputations and restorer of family fortunes, would be rather profitless. They make up Mr. Weston's story. Let him present and untangle them in his own way.

Certainly readers will find that way pleasantly interesting, but never for a moment exciting. They will find it at variance from the great mass of present-day fiction which chooses to deal with young people of the generation here depicted. Probably the jazz stories have reached their raucous limit. Only a distant echo of jazz and all that it connotes creeps into Mr. Weston's Summer symphony. Certainly "The Wondering Moon" shines as poles apart from that school of fiction which exists to chronicle the rise and fall of flapper and of "sheik."

A SPIRITUAL SPYGLASS

THE LOST PEARL. By Francis Grierson. 319 pp. New York: Edward J. Clode, Inc.

A "MURDER" that proves to be a case of suspended animation, in conjunction with the theft from the British Museum of a silver ring of small intrinsic value, starts Francis Grierson's merry tale of a man and a girl and their chase half way round the world in a search for the "pearl of great price." Mr. Grierson does not waste his time, or the reader's, on a crime, or the detection of criminals. He is engaged upon the more fascinating project of tracking down motives in what appears to be a series of fantastic whims. In the process he introduces a number of delightful characters.

Professor Wells, the eminent scientist, toxicologist and amateur criminologist, and his friend, Inspector Sims of Scotland Yard, are no more excited by developments in the Ethnographical Section of the British Museum than is the reader. A burly attendant, of exemplary habits and no enemies, has been discovered under one of the showcases in the room which he was guarding and has been pronounced dead. There are no signs of violence. When Wells restores the attendant to life they learn that he was drugged by an amiable, white-bearded gentleman, who offered him a pinch of snuff. In the same room a ring is found to be missing.

The nephew of the man who donated the ring, with other items from his international travels, to the Museum, one Commander Philip Vesey, is drawn into the tangle. The mysterious agents who stole the ring suspect that he possesses the more important talisman, a "pearl of great price." Vesey's great friend, Major Timothy Clare, provides comedy relief. Vesey's introduction to a lovely lady of the Argentine Republic, Doña Raquel Orsola, and her daughter, Maya, complicates matters for all concerned. Doña Raquel has had reason, even before she became a widow, to believe herself irresistible. It appears that she has undertaken to entice the charming and personable Commander Philip with those torrid inveigelements which usually go with a Latin temperament. When it develops that she has inspired the theft of the ring, it is clear that she now aspires to possess the pearl. The difficulty is that Philip never heard of the priceless and coveted jewel. A further obstacle is that he can see nothing or no one but Maya.

(Continued on Page 19)

A Canada Without Mounted Police

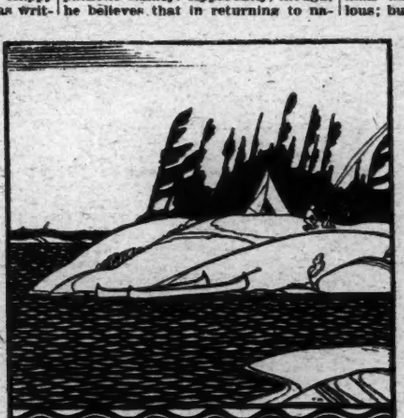
THE HAPPY ISLANDS. Stories and Sketches of the Georgian Bay. By Marlow A. Shaw. Illustrations by Thoreau Macdonald. 264 pp. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Limited. $2.

RECENTLY there has been some inquiry as to whether or no Canada has men of letters. The findings have considerably annoyed our neighbor. This is a pity when one considers what a friendly oasis and source of pleasure Canada has been for those Americans who left the blue. It would seem that they object to being noted for the brilliant hero of the mounted police force and the heroine, Marie, who speaks in broken English. At any rate, this criticism can't be made against "The Happy Islands." Marlow A. Shaw has written a book in which there isn't a horse—nor a Ford—let alone a member of the mounted police. In fact, "The Happy Islands" is a book of vignettes, stories, legends and anecdotes of life about and around the shores of Georgian Bay.

In the writing of this book Mr. Shaw has turned to first-hand material; he has expressed what, to him, is the spirit of this lake region. Mr. Shaw is a nature lover. Yet this book isn't just a lyrical rhapsody. It isn't sentimentalized. Nature here is set forth as red of claw as well as adventurous and idyllic. Mr. Shaw is more apt to sentimentalize upon human emotion, where he is less deft. It is with perception that he observes the release from mechanical reactions that takes place when man finds the freedom of out of doors. A canoe is to him the craft nearest to satisfying perfection. The Georgian Bays of Huron "lay hold on those who know them with a rare and powerful loveliness." It is his hope that the stories and incidents of his voyagings among these ten thousand islands, great and small, that go to make up Georgian Bay, "may convey a better understanding of the spirit of this alluring region and a fuller recognition of the beauties of its waters, its rocks and woods, its skies and its nourishing streams, and that through them may be caught a stronger sense of fellowship with all those who inhabit or frequent that great outdoor playground."

Mr. Shaw doesn't overwork the pathetic fallacy. Apparently, though, he believes that in returning to nature "at a single bound man is as his ancient forbears were and knows "their mind." This, of course, has been realized by Barrie in the classic modern incident of "The Admirable Crichton." Mr. Shaw in his own accounts shows some evidence of this concept with variation. There is evidence, too, of it in several of his companions. There is also some slight signs that they are conscious of being he-men and act up to the part. In the stories of Jake, the half-breed, faintly reminiscent of Paul Bunyon, it is presented in whole cloth. Jake turned away from the world and went native in the Georgian Bays. Of Jake, he remarks that he couldn't "help thinking the serious way he looked at animals and birds was a little ridiculous; but the depths of the man's attachment to his surroundings, which I found out more by intuition than by speech * * * was almost uncanny." The story of Jake's fight against the inroads of so-called civilized life upon his wilderness presents a realization of a unique character. But the forced ending with its hypersensitiveness turning into clap-trap melodrama hasn't been successfully rounded to a close. Here, for once, he wasn't thoroughly sound in his handling of incident.

"The Happy Islands" is a book of care-free meditation, incidental adventure and sparkling sunshine. It gives a pretty fair picture of the pleasures and discomforts of nature in the Summer season. For the city dweller it is sure to produce the nostalgia of some distant days. His casual style makes pleasant reading.



A Drawing From "The Happy Islands."

Broadway Ballads of the Synthetic Cowboy

On Occasion Mr. Hersey's He-Men Say "Thuh," "Wuz," "Cum" and Hawss"

SINGING RAWHIDE. By Harold Hersey. With drawings by Jerry Delano. 189 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $1.75.

MR. HERSEY, the troubadour under consideration here, is the editor and proprietor of several magazines devoted to the exceedingly strong but well-bridled passions of the denizens of the sagebrush, otherwise God's country. He has been astute enough to capitalize the current taste for Western stuff, real or synthetic, which, by the way, shows no signs of losing its popularity.

Many men undoubtedly would have been content, on finding themselves at the head of a large fiction factory, merely to count their money. Not so Mr. Hersey. Whether he was suffering from an attack of the divine afflatus, or whether he was powerfully affected by reading his own magazines, is a matter for speculation. The fact remains that he has burst into song; indeed, the present volume contains twenty-one ballads, lyrics, chants and what not. Very well, the question arises: Is Harold Hersey an authentic singer of the Great West? Doran & Co., on the jacket of the sprightly volume, assures us that he is, with the following words:

> A good ringing ballad reaches the hearts of men and women alike. Harold Hersey is an American Robert W. Service. He writes of breezy cowboys and Western ranges, of gunplay and heart play. His rhymes are strong, his rough humor irresistible.
>
> These ballads of ranch, lone trail and barroom will be chanted over campfires and fireplace logs for many years to come.

This is a large order. It is to be feared that some of the readers of his present volume will find his "rough humor" easy to resist. Moreover, it is doubtful whether any of his "lays of the passing frontier" will cause the few remaining American cowboys to forget their good old songs, hallowed by tradition, for any new-fangled rhymes written in the office of a Western magazine on lower Broadway, New York. Anyhow, reliable scouts from the land of he men report that the cowboys are not singing as much as they once did. They are listening in on the radio. It is possible, of course, that the long-suffering steers of New Mexico will no longer have to listen to "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairee" and will hear instead Mr. Hersey's "The Ballad of a Buckaroo," but it doesn't seem likely.

Mr. Hersey belongs to the school of Western singers and fictioneers who write "thuh," "tuh," "wuz," "hiz," "iz," "sed," "cum" and "hawss." That fact alone is enough to scare away thousands of paying readers. The man who tries to write Western dialect, to reproduce the exact quality of the strange sounds which come from the throats of the rough men of the open spaces, is up against a difficult task. It is true, of course, that the ordinary cowboy speaks a language which is vastly different from the chaste diction and the precise intonation employed by residents of less picturesque parts of the country. But how can one reproduce this difference in print? Certainly not by writing "sed" for "said" and "cum" for "come." What is the point to such stuff? The humorous dialect which depends solely upon the freak misspelling of a word went out of fashion a good many years ago; the method belongs to the period of Petroleum V. Nasby. Another difficulty—the man who would write in that manner runs the danger of being inconsistent. To quote one of Mr. Hersey's stanzas:

> *Two poker friends wuz playin'*
> *In thuh Prairie Dog saloon,*
> *A battered pianner buckin', wowgin',*
> *Under a homespun tune,*
> *And out in thuh street a dog wuz bayin'*
> *Mournful at the moon.*

If it is the real Western thing to write "thuh Prairie Dog saloon," then why not also write "thuh moon?" Surely the singing buckaroo does not say "thuh" in one line and "the" in the very next breath. The same question arises in one of Mr. Hersey's best efforts, "Honesty Bein' Thuh Best Policy," in which he says:

> *The Buckhorn Bar would sizzle*
> *In the Yuma Desert heat,*
> *While shouts and singin' mingled*
> *Along thuh dusty street.*

If it is "thuh" dusty street," then why isn't it "Thuh Buckhorn Bar" and "thuh Yuma Desert?" But perhaps there is some subtle reason for such differences which is not apparent except to one whose ear is closely attuned to the great Western soul. Mr. Hersey also uses "cyards" for "cards," which may be all right. Certainly in some parts of the West there is a "y" in the word, but not often. This pronunciation probably came from the Carolinas, where the Tarheels are notorious for saying "cyards" and "gyarden." Be that as it may, Mr. Hersey has an engaging spirit in his rhymes. He tells of the man who was playing solitaire:

> *Sudden his face grows dark,*
> *He calls to some old pards:*
> *"I've caught meself a-cheatin'*
> *"Playin' these yere cyards."*
>
> *And in thuh spluttern' light*
> *From thuh lamp upon thuh shelf*
> *He draws his forty-four*
> *And calmly kills hisself.*

Mr. Hersey has taken several such old jokes and embalmed them in verse which may or may not be sung around campfires for generations. He writes lyrically of love, gunplay, poker playing, tenderfeet, cattle rustling, hard riding and straight shooting and all the other phenomena of the alleged West. He also warbles of John Wesley Hardin, the El Paso gunman; of Custer, Jesse James and "Billy thuh Kid." For rhyming purposes, apparently, he has the Kid bite the dust "under thuh Texas stars," when as a matter of fact the Kid was killed in New Mexico.

For any one who can read "thuh" and "yuh" without wincing Mr. Hersey's collection of "lays of the passing frontier" may prove highly diverting. Jerry Delano has illustrated each poem with a lively exaggeration.

Some Notes on How to Be Happy If Married

HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE. By Margaret Sanger. New York: Brentano's. $2.

SEX EDUCATION. By Philip Zenner, A. M., M. D., Emeritus Professor of Neurology in the Medical Department of the University of Cincinnati. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

MRS. SANGER'S title betrays a dangerous optimism. By the dogmas of the churches, which most respectable people at least formally accept, marriage has nothing to do with happiness. It is, to be sure, better to marry than burn; but the institution is ordained for divine purposes and the avoidance of misbehavior unmentionable in an unconsecrated publication; so far from tending toward happiness, it is endurable only with the addition of sacramental grace. Yet Mrs. Sanger boldly dedicates her book "to the new generation who seek happiness in marriage based on truth."

Well, there is such a new generation; probably there always has been, despite the *rumores senum severiorum*. Happiness may be unobtainable in marriage, but most people are unwilling to believe that till they have tried, and sometimes more than once. Even faithful sons and daughters of the Church often go to the altar in the hope of happiness rather than for the mere avoidance of mortal sin. Possibly the romantic optimists are wrong about marriage, and the Church, with two thousand years of experience, is right. Still people will try it, hoping for the best; and Mrs. Sanger is trying to help them out.

This, of course, is the terrible Margaret Sanger whom thousands of the pious have been taught to regard as the female Antichrist. Because she is chiefly known as the apostle of birth control, many readers will turn first of all to the two chapters in which that topic is treated as one of the factors in marital happiness. They will probably be disappointed; for she writes as a scientist, not a propagandist. The laws forbid general publication of positive information about this subject, but (perhaps by an oversight) have not prohibited the telling of what it is not. So Mrs. Sanger frankly admits that the science is as yet in its beginnings; that so much depends on individual differences that medical examination and advice should be solicited in every case, and "the safest and most hygienic methods known today cannot be used by the unmarried girl."

Certainly this does not seem likely to subvert public morals. If one regards it in the dim light of reason it sounds eminently moderate and sensible, though no doubt it appears otherwise in the dazzling radiance of revealed truth.

Now as to the body of the book. What is this dreadful Margaret Sanger trying to do? The bulk of the book is devoted to advice as to the working out of adequate sex adjustment as the nucleus of happy marriage. She regards sex as neither a crime nor an affliction, but as something which properly managed may contribute immensely to human happiness. Other elements are given due place, even to such unromantic items as dishwashing and the budget. But the love-life she treats as the principal factor. They may offend those whom Mr. Hearst once called "reverent religionists." But their opposition might be somewhat mollified by the reflection that if the love-life is adequately developed—something which requires time, patience, tact and unselfishness—it may further at least the secondary object of marriage as set down by the Church. Certainly the ideal marriage set forth in this book would dim to paleness the glamour of irregular connections.

Aside from that, Mrs. Sanger is engaged in no more iniquitous enterprise than the effort to help people be happy; to persuade them to use forbearance and understanding in the home; to induce husbands and wives to be faithful to each other because they want to be, rather than because they are afraid of the flames of hell. It does not seem such a very terrible purpose—viewed, of course, by the dim light of reason.

Unfortunately, one fears that the people who most need the book are unlikely to see it; those who are apt to read it are also apt to be already convinced. Also one suspects that Mrs. Sanger in some ways will seem a little old-fashioned to this new generation she addresses, and not merely in her hope of happiness in marriage, as to the impossibility of which reverent religionists and irreligious libertines are in agreement. She frankly prefers the old-style courtship, with its stumbling-blocks and delays, the suitor learning as he tortuously follows a coy inamorata who flees only to be pursued, and evades only to yield with the greater abandon when she has at last been cornered at the altar.

Perhaps Mrs. Sanger's distaste for the slap-dash I-want-you and you-want-me-so-here-we-go methods of today is basically esthetic, but she puts up a plausible argument. The business of courtship is to give the parties some slight acquaintance with each other before it is too late; which takes time. As to the technique of avoidance and pursuit, biology suggests that it is natural; and surely those who attack birth control as unnatural will be fair enough to give Mrs. Sanger credit for standing up for nature in this case as against the modern tradition of downrightness and candor. As for her optimism, which seems amazing, one must remember that her correspondence has given her the inner history of thousands of marriages; if she is hopeful, she certainly has some ground for her opinion.

Dr. Zenner's book, a collection of talks to school children and college boys, apparently delivered sixteen years ago and published with little reworking, is a specimen of an older type of sex education. Doubtless it did some good in its day, but it can hardly have much efficacy now. The whole emphasis is negative; fear plays a large part, continence comes near appearing as an end in itself, and sex in general seems to be regarded as a dire misfortune which all should strive to escape, except when painful duty compels its lawful exercise. Possibly this is so, or at least may well seem so to an Emeritus Professor of Neurology; but it is going to be hard to make young people believe it.

"Lem Croll's a Poker Player Who Delt 'Em on Thuh Squar."

Cooking as a Tradition, an Art and a Necessity

Three Books Which Deal With What Goes Into the Inner Man

TRIED AND TRUE RECIPES. Compiled by Elizabeth Burford Bashinsky. 337 pp. Second and enlarged edition. Troy, Ala.: Scholarship Committee, Alabama Division United Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Bashinsky, Chairman.

FRENCH PASTRY BOOK. Compiled by Alice Hotchkiss Crippen. Illustrated. 103 pp. New York: Brentano's. $1.75.

IF YOU MUST COOK. By Jennette Lee. 174 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

A COMBAT of cookeries, a new battle of the books, one seems to sense on first glancing at this array of cook books. For their viewpoints of the mystic art of cooking are so different, their methods of dealing with it so diverse that at first glimpse it seems impossible that warfare should not ensue between this staid compilation of recipes, this scorn and contempt of all cook books, this attempt to recapture the airy grace and evanescent charm of the French chef's crowning gesture of triumph. But nothing of the sort happens. For they are all bent upon the same errand, however different may be their angles of approach. They are all desirous of benefiting and delighting humanity and they are each and all content to let any cook find in their pages whatever best suits her needs. And how odorous of good things those pages are, every one of them! How fragrant with appealing savors whose lures the most determined hermit, or faster, or invalid could not resist! One longs to take table board for a year and a day with Jennette Lee, to drop in upon Mrs. Crippen in time for dessert every day in the week, to visit at meal-times every one of the thousand and one hospitable Southern homes from whence gracious ladies have sent the recipes that crowd Mrs. Bashinsky's pages. One thinks with satisfaction not only of the pleasures of the palate one would enjoy but also of the palate educated to delicious savors and trained in the perception of a multitude of delicate tastes and flavors that he would then possess. But, if one can enjoy such massed delights only in the imagination, one can at least take advantage of the massed wisdom in the art of cooking here presented and endeavor to follow, however humbly, in the footsteps of those who have acquired it.

The first edition of Mrs. Bashinsky's "Tried and True Recipes" was published in 1922 and within two years was completely sold out. The demand for it continuing, she has prepared this new edition, enlarged with many new recipes. Recently there has been some editorial discussion in newspapers both North and South on the subject of the famed, old-fashioned Southern cookery, with questions by Northern papers as to whether or not it can still be found, and assurance by those of the South that it can, that there is still plenty of it, modified a little, perhaps, but also improved by modern knowledge concerning the science of cooking. Here in this book is to be found ample proof that they are right. For here are over 1,500 recipes, practically all of them from Southern homes, wherein they have been tested and found good, where they have been, many of them, in use by several generations, tradition in families and here published for the first time. Each one is signed by the woman sending it for use in the book and among these names one finds many belonging to old Southern families or well known for their connection with patriotic and literary organizations.

Glancing over the pages one sees such delectable offerings as crab à la creole, Mammy's broiled chicken, chicken à la creole, chicken terrapin, sweet potato soufflé, spoon bread, corn bread, beaten biscuits by many methods, for which there are seven different recipes, waffles made in thirteen different ways, delicious red devil, Dixie pudding, heavenly hash, a concoction of pineapples, marshmallows, walnuts and whipped cream that sounds as if it fully deserved its name, peach surprises, many kinds of ginger bread, one of them by a hundred-year-old recipe; coon cake, and hundreds of others, ranging all the way from soups to candies.

There is a touch of pathos, or of the tragico-humorous, in the dedication of Mrs. Crippen's "French Pastry Book," a touch which will go straight to the heart of every mother of daughters—"To my daughter, who loves these things but will not make them." Let Mrs. Crippen be consoled. If her daughter has not the creative desire and gift demanded for the making of such exquisite dainties there are plenty of other people's daughters, though they may not all be young, who will gladly profit by the information she affords for the pursuit of this charming branch of art. Perhaps they will be the more encouraged by the sentence quoted from Anatole France which prefaces the book: "The fine arts are five in number: Painting, Music, Poetry, Sculpture and Architecture, whereof the principal branch is Confectionery." Mrs. Crippen explains in a little introduction how, although the French chef is exceedingly averse to giving any one information about his art, she nevertheless was able, because of the unusual conditions in Paris during the war, to obtain from some of the best French cooks, with whom she was brought into close contact by the work she was doing, the recipes she here offers to the American public. There is a short chapter on the utensils necessary for making pastry and then she is ready for the recipes, which number over a hundred. One finds among them directions for making all manner of delicate and delicious dainties—marron stars, chocolate petits, naughties—which are most innocent of little white cakes—Savarin cakes, gateau St. Honoré, said to be, according to Mrs. Crippen, the "last word" in French pastry, although she assures her readers that "it is not difficult to make after one is proficient," gateau noisette, almond rolls, gaufrettes, imitation fruits, banana jalouse, almond pasties, petits fours.

Tout Ce Qu'on Voudra.

"Garcon, un Poulet au Cresson?" "M'sieu, il Nous Reste Plus de Poulet * * * Mais si Vous Voulez, J'vas Vous Servir Une Plus Forte Portion de Cresson!"

From "Daumier, the Man and the Artist," by Michael Badleir. (Minton, Balch & Co., New York.)

Mrs. Lee has produced in "If You Must Cook" a cook book that fairly drips with scorn of all cook books and measured recipes. The cooking she believes in is the inspirational kind that does not flower out of a recipe but sprouts from intelligence, keen observation, study of results, unflagging interest in the job and, last and best and greatest aid to the cook, imagination. Starting out with those qualities, combined with dense ignorance of and extreme distaste for everything connected with cooking, she achieved the position of a cook with whom, solely on the evidence of the book she has written, one would jump at the chance of being invited to a dinner she had cooked. And she did not begin until she had turned the half-century mark. She had been professor of English at Smith College and she had written several novels marked by delicacy of imagination and a certain elfin fancy. But she had known and wanted to know nothing at all about cooking. Then it became necessary for her to learn, because, as with so many American housewives, she could not find any one who could cook satisfactorily for her family. "I faced the problem," she says, "of either a hotel or a restaurant, or a home-made cook—made out of Me." Many and many another American woman facing that same problem has chosen the other solution. But Mrs. Lee, past 50 and wholly ignorant of how it was done, proceeded to make herself over into a first-class cook. And she insists that of all her difficulties the cook book was one of the worst until she discarded it and put her trust in that age-old method by which mankind has made all its progress, the method of trial and error. In the course of her training she discovered several secrets, the first one being:

> That cooking does not come under the head of manual labor, nor is it a science that can be studied in a cooking class or learned out of a cook book. It is an art, and as an art it must be studied in the spirit of all art, the spirit that perceives it is a difficult thing to do, but a thing that by the grace of God, and allowing for inspiration, can be put through by any women with a moderate amount of brains. Preparing a dinner, when one grasps this essential truth, becomes like a game—it is as full of interest as painting a picture or writing a poem or even composing an orchestral symphony.

Mrs. Lee bases much of her objection to the ordinary recipe, which was for her a stumbling block until she discarded it, on the principle upon which she insists many times, that what goes into the kettle is not nearly so important as how it is put in—by which she means, apparently, that it is necessary for all the ingredients of a good dish to be got together with that knowledge that experience turns into instinct coupled with imagination and pleasure in the creation of a thing that is worth while. She reduces what she has learned to essential principles and sets these forth in successive chapters, wherein she considers the cooking of meats, the making of soups, the cooking of vegetables, the making of salads and of desserts. Other chapters deal with the secret of the casserole, the use of fruit in the menu, the planning of meals and other matters, while in one chapter she provides menus for thirty luncheons and dinners. The American housewife, whose wastefulness is proverbial, will be astonished by Mrs. Lee's insistence upon economical methods and the dozens of ways she mentions in which economy can be practiced.

"If You Must Cook" is a thoroughly practical book that goes into the essential principles of cooking, but is not concerned at all with the recipes, ingredients and measurements of the usual cook book. It is written with such charm and zest and pungency and with such flavor of personality and literary skill that it becomes a sort of sublimated cook book, which one reads for the pleasure of it quite as much as for the wisdom it contains. The literal-minded may think it sometimes fantastic in its viewpoint, even perverse in its whimsies, but underneath all that they can discover, if they look for it, the substantial wisdom gained from fruitful experience.

Technique of Modern Business

MODERN BUSINESS. By Leon C. Marshall and Mildred J. Wiese. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MANY books have been written on man's material progress and many more will be written as we proceed to uncover new sources of power and wealth. At first intended as a record of triumphant results, books treating of the emergence of man from a mere hand-to-mouth existence have come to the level of text manuals so that the youngest and least cultured among us may be edified and spurred to emulation. In the present instance the study of business in many aspects has been treated by Professor Leon C. Marshall of the University of Chicago and Mildred J. Wiese, a university high school teacher, both practical, skilled and well versed in the business methods of the present epoch and of many epochs which have gone before.

The authors take students over a long and interesting historical course dealing with man's conquest of nature's powers, the industrial changes during the last few generations and the complete technological, competitive problems forever on the tapis. Then come practical details of a variety of tasks presented to business administrators covering the printing and textile factories and gas houses and department stores, giving comprehensive views of the results of transference to the machine of many kinds of industry. All labor today is specialised—the authors say, "tremendously specialized"—with the result that "the specialized equipment and the specialized workers must be knitted together into an effective producing machine." Young men should devote considerable time to the chapter headed "Background of Modern History," which may be regarded as a preliminary study for commercial and industrial life, and if they can satisfactorily answer the questions put to them at the end of this chapter, they will have traveled some distance toward the goal destined for them by their talented guides.

Financial administration has a chapter to itself in which students are shown the meaning of standard money, trade credits, social resources, exchange, &c. The necessity of adding to the permanent capital of a business and how the operation is successfully accomplished is an interesting section, and the same may be said of the story of the development of the Carnegie enterprises, out of which arose the United States Steel Corporation.

Poincaré Puts Some Hard, Dry Facts on Record

His Account of 1912 Diplomacy Is as Dull as the Multiplication Table

THE MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND POINCARÉ. Translated and adapted by Sir George Arthur, with a preface by the Duke of Northumberland, K. G. London: William Heinemann. 21s. net.

By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

THIS is a very disappointing book. The reader's first impression of its four hundred closely printed pages is one of aridity and weariness.

Indeed, if it is the business of a reviewer to give a frank and sincere opinion of the book entrusted to him, as it surely must be, I can only say, in spite of my natural desire to treat the work of a distinguished foreign statesman with all due courtesy, that the first volume of M. Poincaré's Memoirs is one of the least readable books of autobiography, ancient or modern, that it has been my destiny to peruse. There is no nature and very little true art. A clear and intensely active brain the book does show, but especially in the first half of the present volume it is dry to the point of desiccation. Sardonic it often is, but there is no humor, no vital spark of humanity, either kindly or waspish, to illuminate the track across the sandy deserts of international diplomacy and French internal politics. An even and dreary wind of sublimated self- satisfaction blows through the pages, but it is not the cheerful and artless egotism of a Pepys or a Montaigne. Instead, it is a kind of statistical exposition of the autobiographer's virtues and ability, which neither greatly amuses nor annoys, but wholly depresses.

M. Poincaré's two main obsessions are France and himself—both very excellent things, no doubt—but in neither case does he write with that passion which is a necessary element in the art of writing. The attitude of mind, the judgment and the presentment are rigidly official. We have all seen what Renan so happily called "administrative architecture." Here we have a capital example of administrative literature. "Faulty, faultless, icily regular, splendidly null" rings through our ears like the burden of a ballad as we read the book—for, remember, there is nothing weak or untidy or ill-made about the book. It is the very apotheosis of correctitude in style and thought. Again, the translation is an exceedingly good piece of work and reads as fluently and easily as if it had been composed in English. The defect of the book is not accidental, but chronic.

Though we are introduced to all the chief figures of European politics active in the year 1912—the period covered in this initial volume—there is no memorable and individual portrait of any of the actors on the great stage. We seem to see them through an endless series of gauze veils. Even a man so full of verve and character, tartness and vitality as Lord Bertie becomes an almost phantom figure when observed for us by M. Poincaré's eyes. A similar criticism must be made in regard to most of the other statesmen described. Even when he sincerely likes a man—I ought, perhaps, to have said approves, for like is much too near enthusiasm to be characteristic—he is very restricted and gives us only a kind of cast-iron likeness.

The book is naturally full of Sir Edward Grey and yet we carry no picture of the man such as Mr. Page and Colonel House give us in much fewer words. We see only in a glass darkly. Though M. Poincaré, one may be sure, wants to be very specially nice in his characterization of the great British Foreign Secretary, he finds it absolutely impossible to unbend to his task or to lay aside his protective economy of emotion. And so Grey, most sincere, most lovable and most loyal of men, looks almost like a wax image in some collection of diplomatic mannequins preserved at the Quai d'Orsay for the instruction of diplomats.

But, after all, M. Poincaré might well retort to his critic that he did not set forth to present the world with a literary nosegay and that therefore my objections and complaints lack point. His object was to explain to the world the diplomatic conditions under which were shaped the policies, aspirations and national impulses which ended in the great war. I agree, and fully admit, that we get a very perspicuous narrative of the events as seen from the French side. Still it is a narrative always tinged with the belief that what was good for France must be good for the world, and that, while France was clear-minded, resolute and sincere, the other powers, friends as well as enemies, had a double dose of original sin. Within these rather wide limits, however, M. Poincaré obviously strives to be fair. A good test case in such matters is his account of the visit of Lord Haldane to Berlin. M. Poincaré evidently has not been deluded by the muddle-headed and partisan attacks upon Lord Haldane for being "pro-German." The story which he tells of the unfortunate but essentially well-meaning negotiations in Berlin proves, if any proof were required, that Lord Haldane never dreamed of sacrificing any French interests to his supposed love of the Germans. After quoting a long passage from Mr. Asquith's speech in the House of Commons, M. Poincaré writes as follows:

> While the two Governments plodded on with their conversations, Germany stuck to her pet design. She sought to obtain a promise of British neutrality whenever she should declare war against any nation, and the nation in her mind was France; the British Cabinet, on the other hand, clung to its liberty of action, and negotiations were eventually broken off. Sir Edward Grey lost not a moment in letting Cambon know this, and I begged our Ambassador to thank the British Government for their entire loyalty. On the 27th of March Sir Francis Bertie came to see me and began: "Will you allow me to forget for a moment that I am an Ambassador?" "I will forget it myself, if you like," I said. He then proceeded: "Sir Edward Grey writes to me that you and M. Paul Cambon are both fully satisfied with our assurances as to the declaration of neutrality which Germany has asked for. I am just a little surprised that you take this so easily. If no declaration has been given, it doesn't follow necessarily that it has been altogether brushed aside. What Germany asked of us was not a simple promise of neutrality, but a definite engagement to observe a benevolent neutrality; a ridiculous notion, as a benevolent neutrality is no longer pure neutrality. However preposterous this demand, Sir Edward Grey must have full praise for having blankly refused it—he is, as a matter of fact, surrounded by colleagues of whom several have leanings toward Germany. This makes me feel a little uncomfortable; it is imperative that this declaration of neutrality shall not be made, and there is some risk of it if the German Government returns again and again to the charge. It may be true that we are only asked to be neutral in the event of Germany being attacked; but who can say that the day may not arrive when France, irritated beyond measure and threatened by Germany, will not be forced to take the offensive? No, believe me, it will not do for M. Paul Cambon to appear satisfied, and if only you speak resolutely to London the British Government will do more than hesitate before committing the blunder which I dread." Of course, I gave Cambon a chapter and verse account of this interview and begged him to re-examine the whole question with the Foreign Secretary without giving away Sir Francis Bertie. "We have put our trust in England," I reminded him; "although the two Governments are bound by no written convention, we have allowed our General Staff to be in close touch with the British General Staff and thus to impart to them our military plans. We do not ask—we never have asked—the British Government to deprive itself of its full liberty of action in order to please us, but we do ask that it should not thus deprive itself to our detriment by a promise of neutrality which would only stimulate Germany to fresh provocatory tactics."

That is a fair statement and one has only to add that Mr. Haldane, as he then was, had not the slightest intention of giving Germany the advantage of being able to tell the world that we had in advance promised never to go to war with Germany. What is more, Mr. Haldane, as Secretary of State for War, backed up his and the Government's refusal by making specific arrangements as to what military action we should take, provided we were convinced that France had not attacked Germany or in any Macchiavellian way provoked Germany to attack her. We, in effect, made it clear that we should always be free to come to the assistance of France if we deemed that the interests of peace and the security of Europe required such help, or that without it Germany would obtain a position from which to enslave the other States of Europe.

Though I must maintain my assertions as to the dryness of the first part of the book, I must admit that toward the end it greatly improves and that in the last two hundred and fifty pages there are several signs of "liveliness." Take, for example, the picture of M. Briand. The passage is to be found at the beginning of chapter 15.

> Aristide Briand often came from his office, along the Seine and Tuileries, to my room, which was always open to him. He was already, what he thirteen years later described himself to the Chamber, "A man of conversation," and one never ceased to admire his almost uncanny gift of penetration, his consummate tact, his quasi-feline charm, which sometimes reminded me of my Siamese cat or of Anatole France's "Sleeping Prince of the City of Books"; Briand's collaboration, and more especially his flair in foreign affairs, became more valuable and more delightful every day. His approval of my policy was sealed by his powerful contribution to my election as President; he knew the ins and outs of the Louis incident and in February, 1913, as President of the Council, thought it right to recommend to President Fallières that a change should be made in the Embassy.

The reference to the Siamese cat is cruel, but it is certainly luciferous and probably justifiable. But even if this portrait of a trusted colleague has an element of bitterness, it is nothing compared to the things which are said about Isvolsky, the Russian diplomat and statesman. The Russian is acidly, if indirectly, accused of serious misrepresentation, though such an accusation is, no doubt, partly covered by the indications that Isvolsky never stopped to think. The following passage illustrates my comment, though to make it absolutely clear to the general reader too long a dissertation on the existing situation would be required.

> Commentators like William II, who represent the French Government as being dragged at Russia's heels, have strangely erred. How Isvolsky could find in the letter what was not there is a secret he carried to the grave. But he seems to have had a stab of self-reproach. He came to see me on the 18th of November, and after humming and hawing, he read out the passage in which he had said that France would go to war if Russia did so. I protested that I had said nothing of the kind, that he had nothing to add to my letter and that if he did not correct any false impression at St. Petersburg I should have to disavow the words he had put into my mouth. He promised to put things straight, which he did by new inaccuracies, telegraphing to St. Petersburg, November 5-18, 1912, that "to avoid all misunderstanding" he had read out to me his telegram No. 369, of which I had "entirely approved the text." I had merely asked that the conditions should be "clearly defined" under which France would make war. It was "well understood" that France would take the field in the event of the casus foederis; i. e., in the case of Germany arming with Austria against Russia. Of course I had not approved the the text of a telegram which contradicted my own letter. Knowing Germany to be determined to back up Austria, I naturally repeated to Isvolsky that I had already told Sasonoff at St. Petersburg, that in the event of the casus foederis we should loyally do our duty. I never thereby said that it sufficed for Germany to support Austria, for France to support Russia; on the contrary, I based myself on the Treaty of Alliance which ran: "If Russia is attacked by Germany or by Austria supported by Germany, France will use all her available forces to attack Germany." I had neither the right nor the inclination to say anything else.
>
> Although Isvolsky had promised to correct his misunderstanding, although, as I telegraphed to Louis, he had assured me that he would send my letter to St. Petersburg, I deemed it wise to warn our Ambassador that the formula read to me by Isvolsky was much too vague and did not give my views. I had merely said that France would respect her Treaty of Alliance. He should make this clear at St. Petersburg.

But this was not all. In the paragraph sent after my quotation M. Poincaré continues as follows:

> But there is a third telegram from Isvolsky. The man had his pen in the inkpot day and night, and the marvel is that the Germans could not get three lines on which to hang a row of French Ministers out of what he wrote! On the 20th of November Isvolsky tells Sasonoff of a meeting of the German, Austrian and Italian Ambassadors about the Serb and Albanian questions. "Poincaré said to Tittoni that if a general war ensued Russia could count on France in arms"; he penned this phrase just after he had rectified his mix-up.

But Isvolsky is not the only Russian to feel the sting of M. Poincaré's whip. Benckendorff is also "told off" by his French critic. In the course of a passage dealing with the Emperor William's Tableaux d'Histoire M. Poincaré comments as follows:

> So according to the Imperial historian, England had promised help as soon as France should take the field, and he construes this into a flagrant proof of a secret fighting arrangement between England and France. Thus on the strength of an imperfectly understood letter Benckendorff, himself of Baltic origin and no special friend of France, is said to be able to twist Sir Edward—and Cambon—round his finger. Happily there came to London, in Prince Lichnowsky, a German Ambassador who was loyalty itself, who compensated for a couple of Russians, and than whom no one gave better information as to Sir Edward Grey's fine efforts to preserve peace.

Though I leave M. Poincaré's book with the sense of the man who has been scorched by a combination of a cold east wind and a hot sun, it is quite possible that the succeeding volumes will be more interesting than the first, and that M. Poincaré may be able to build up for himself a more level and more satisfying portrait than that outlined in the first volume.

M. Poincaré at Bar-le-Duc, Where He Laid the First Kilometer Stone on the Famous "Sacred Way," the Road to Verdun.

(Copyrighted in the United States of America by The New York Times.)

"Those in Peril On the Sea"

The Whaler as Spiritual Heir of The Great Navigators

PURSUING THE WHALE: A Quarter-Century of Whaling in the Arctic. By John A. Cook. 344 pp. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

THE ROMANCE OF NAVIGATION. By W. B. Whall. 292 pp. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $5.

By R. L. DUFFUS

"After Trafalgar." From a Painting by Frank Brangwyn, R. A.

From "The Romance of Navigation."

ON the first day of September, 1905, two captains met, under the lee of a drifting mass of ice, in the Arctic Ocean, near Herschel Island. One of them was Roald Amundsen, who had come thus far from Davis Straits in his search for a Northwest Passage. He commanded the tiny sloop Gjoa. The other was Captain John A. Cook of New Bedford, commanding the whaler Bowhead. Both, though unwillingly, were about to pass their third consecutive Winter in the Arctic. Cook was hunting for whales, Amundsen for glory. One can't help wondering whether Cook wasn't entitled to a little glory, too. The whalers had to endure about as many hardships and take about as many risks as the explorers.

Whaling in Captain Cook's day, even under steam, was no sport for babes. One went to sea in vessels of "about 500 tons register, bark-rigged, with steam engine and boiler to propel them at the rate of about eight knots an hour." After that, as long as one survived and remained in the business, one's life was never without interest. On Captain Cook's first trip, in 1879 nothing happened except a hurricane, which laid the schooner over on her side, crippled her and all but sunk her. In 1886, off the coast of Australia, a wounded sperm whale smashed a boat into two pieces and died with its teeth in the piece to which Cook was holding. In 1887 only an opportune offshore wind saved the Captain—then a first officer—from being captured and eaten, with all his companions, by the cannibals of Santa Cruz, in the South Pacific. In May, 1889, he was wrecked in the Ohio, off Numivak Island, and came very near perishing from hunger and exposure. In 1890 he narrowly escaped losing the John and Winthrop with all hands when two discontented members of the crew set fire to her in the Yellow Sea. He put the fire out and went on whaling. A little later, in two encounters with right whales, he lost two men, and had a third crippled for life and three others "slightly injured." But he got into San Francisco with 900 barrels of oil and 10,000 pounds of bone, and the voyage was considered "a very successful one."

Next he went to the Arctic in the steam whaling bark Jesse H. Freeman. On his second trip in her he came within an ace of being smashed in the ice, and made port with all pumps working. In 1893 he was in the Arctic again, rounding Point Barrow and going as far east as Liverpool Bay. Next year he returned, this time with his wife, intending to winter in the Arctic ice and so be ready to take the whales when they came north in the Spring. This method was then much in favor with whalers and the Fall of 1894 found nine steamers and six sailing vessels moored in a little cove off Herschel Island.

It was a gay enough life, one might think from Captain Cook's log, with its dances, dinner parties, holiday celebrations and practical jokes. But it was grim, too, with occasional deaths, polar temperatures, danger of scurvy and other diseases, bodily and mental, and the constant thought that the hardship and risk might all go for nothing—a ship might take no whales, or it might be crushed in the ice on the homeward voyage. Captain Cook was none too lucky; he spent two Winters in the Arctic, was away from home nearly three years and returned with a catch worth not over $100,000, which was a pittance when divided among owners and crew. Next year the ship he had commanded, the Navarch, was "nipped in the ice," carried north of Point Barrow and abandoned, with the loss of fourteen of her men. Perhaps Captain Cook had better luck than he knew, for he had chosen to spend the year at home.

His next venture was in the Bowhead, which he navigated from Norway through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal into the Indian Ocean and finally into the Pacific. His troubles with his vessel's foreign registry and his final success in lobbying through Congress, single-handed, a measure entitling her to fly the American flag reveal a great deal of the Captain's doughty character, but must be passed over. So, too, must his dealings with mutinous crews, though every one who wishes a captain's-eye view of the lot of the man before the mast should read Captain Cook's narrative. It appears that even whaling captains have their troubles and do not become tyrants without cause. Only the Captain's brisk action in putting several of his men in irons during his final voyage—which lasted for more than three years—prevented a successful revolt in the forecastle. Whether the men had a grievance is, perhaps, uncertain. The courts later decided not, though they also decided that Captain Cook had inflicted $500 worth of damage on the ringleader by keeping him in irons so long that he had contracted rheumatism. But the Arctic, in mid-Winter, was not the best place for an experiment in Utopian democracy. The voyage, like so many whaling voyages, had been poorly rewarded, and Mrs. Cook had broken in health and spirits under the strain of the long polar night.

After this experience Captain Cook visited the Arctic no more, though he cruised for sperm whales in the Atlantic until 1916. This, in a sense, was child's play compared with Arctic whaling, yet on the second voyage after Cook gave up the command of the Viola she sailed forth with Captain Joseph Lewis, Mrs. Lewis, their 5-year-old daughter and a crew of twenty-four men, and was "never reported or heard from again."

All this is related in a manner as simple, as poignant, as stirring and sometimes as dull as life itself. No clever journalist has carved Captain Cook's story into shape for him; he has whittled it out himself from his memories and his treasured log-books. The pictures of a man and a way of living come out with merciless realism, without color, without shadows, without illusion. The Captain who went whaling had to be a superb seaman, with more than a touch of arrogance and pride. Captain Cook's photograph might be that of any small-city business man, but he must have had the blood of Vikings in his veins. He values himself, quite frankly and justifiably, as a better man and a better sailor than most. He takes his ship through the Strait of Malacca by chart alone, and for the first time, and when the Captains in Singapore harbor express wonderment, breaks out on them almost eloquently:

Navigation, sir, through the Strait of Malacca is child's play compared with the calling wherein I am employed. There we find no lighthouses, no buoys or beacons exist, to show one where dangerous shoals are ready to claim your vessel as their prey. Even the surveys are very imperfect and the mariner's compass cannot be relied upon to be correct. Yes, sir, that vessel that you see off there, and this man, her Captain, from Cape Cod, are to go amid the ice-fields of the Arctic Ocean for the next two years. If I should lose confidence in myself to such a degree that I would have need of a pilot here, I should be totally unfit to command where I am going and where our training has given us confidence to depend upon ourselves.

There, one suspects, speaks the voice of Drake, of Grenville, of that other Captain Cook who died under the clubs of the savages in Hawaii, and of a hundred valiant captains. He was as brave as any of them, though he never killed or plundered his fellow-men, as most of them did. And he could be delicate and tender; when one of his crew accidentally received a charge of shot in the upper arm Captain Cook "went aboard ship and studied surgery with what books there were at hand to give light and instruction on those matters," and then amputated the injured member just below the shoulder. And the man got well! Or if a common sailor broke his leg this tyrant removed him to his own cabin and took care of him himself. Captains on whalers had to do such things, for they could not afford to carry surgeons.

Such whaling as Cook and the other captains did has practically ceased. Modern whalers, going into the Antarctic with improved weapons and methods, catch hundreds of whales in a season; as Captain Cook's book was published dispatches reported 20,000 taken in this way in a single year. Dangers and hardships are encountered, but the lone struggle against almost overwhelming odds has ended. Its saga should be written. But to do Arctic whaling justice a combination of Melville and Conrad would be necessary; and perhaps it is better to rest content with such honest, seamanlike records as Captain Cook's log.

A perusal of this narrative is, at any rate, an excellent preparation for Captain W. B. Whall's "Romance of Navigation," for it makes it easier to believe in heroism. Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Magellan and the other great discoverers would have been excellent whaling captains had they been born in New Bedford or Martha's Vineyard before the middle of the past century, and Captain Cook would have clapped on sail with the best of them and sailed till his top-

(Continued on Page 14)

Lord Charnwood Examines the Fourth Gospel

ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN. By Lord Charnwood. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50.

THIS study of the Johannine problem, which Lord Charnwood modestly calls an essay, is as much a revelation of the many-sided mind of the author as a fresh contribution to our knowledge of the origin and place of the Fourth Gospel in the development of the Christian Church. No one but an English layman, at once a scholar and a student, we venture to think, would have either the urge or the learning to write a book on a subject which has been almost exclusively the property of Biblical experts.

Avowedly Lord Charnwood writes with a critical purpose, but in a spirit of unremitting search. This purpose is to sift and then present the evidence for the authenticity, the historicity and the authority of the Gospel according to St. John. His book is addressed primarily to the cultivated layman whose reading or religious problems have brought him face to face with the now universally recognized difficulty that the Jesus of the synoptic Gospels and the Christ of the Fourth Gospel are two distinct persons—not physically, of course, but psychologically.

In the question of authorship he accepts the tradition which connects this Gospel with St. John as well founded, but he does not maintain that John himself was the writer. Certain features of the Gospel, he thinks, tend to prove that it was written by one of St. John's pupils, under this apostle's direction and with his concurrence.

The author is a stout defender of the historical value of the Johannine Gospel. He examines the classic instances of various discrepancies between the synoptics and St. John and concludes that this Gospel, in spite of its obvious doctrinal preoccupations, must be considered of equal historical authority with the other three. In fact, his ultimate conclusion is that Christ's whole being and bearing are set forth in so true a historical light in this Gospel of the fourth evangelist that we cannot discern the true meaning of the mind and mission of Christ without its aid. According to Lord Charnwood, the true historical lineaments of Jesus of Nazareth emerge in their fullness only when we have supplemented the brief accounts furnished by the three first evangelists with the more detailed and developed character study given by St. John. The theological and mystical elements of the Fourth Gospel were not injected by intent into the story as narrated by the author of the Fourth Gospel, but these doctrinal implications are themselves the outcome of the fuller account of the person and ministry of Jesus. Lord Charnwood does not hesitate to say that we are forced on the evidence of this Gospel to believe that Jesus stood in a different relation to God and men than any relation known to us as merely human. His study of the Fourth Gospel leads him to confess his unqualified faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ.

Having arrived at this conclusion, though he is careful to avoid the theological term, "divinity of Christ," he next proceeds to a brief study of the development of this belief in apostolic times. He begins with a concise account of the Jewish backgrounds of Christianity, then passes to the Gentile environment of the first Christians, and concludes with a short sketch of the pagan influences on Christian doctrine.

The last chapter in the book is called an "Epilogue," a chapter in which the writer sets down certain reflections of his own on life and religion in general, and Christ and Christianity in particular.

This chapter, which is as candid and beautiful a confession of a modern man's heroic struggle to adjust himself to the mystery of the universe as we have seen in a long time, gives, we suspect, the clue to the writing of this book. Belief, as Bernard Shaw somewhere points out, is in the last analysis a matter of taste. The truth of things is not the measure of our credulity nor the motive force of our faith. The things we believe may be true, but the reason why we believe them to be true is largely psychological. The object of our faith in some mysterious way corresponds to the needs of our spirit or appeals to our imagination.

Lord Charnwood has here revealed a singularly spiritual nature which cannot identify the divine life with the human. He cannot be satisfied with a philosophy which is fundamentally worldly because he has been bred to a knowledge of the world. His piety is pure and his morality disinterested because they are not short cuts to the promised land, but a fruition, a realization of the spirit.

Valuable and informative as this book may prove to the cultivated layman, it contributes little, if anything, to the very difficult and much-discussed problem of the Fourth Gospel. Much jejune nonsense pontificates in the vestments of the Higher Criticism, but when due allowance has been made for much wasted effort, modern criticism has established certain definite conclusions in the matter of New Testament exegesis which Lord Charnwood's book leaves untouched.

E. C. RICHARDS.

Hitching the Economic Wagon to the Star of Faith

R. H. Tawney Traces the Relations of Capitalism to Christian Dogma

***RELIGION AND THE RISE OF CAPITALISM.** By R. H. Tawney. 337 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50.*

By EVANS CLARK

IMAGINE a religion that would concern itself not only with the supreme Deity and the invisible world but also would lay down precise and detailed rules for the conduct of the everyday life of office and home. Imagine a religion that prescribed, with holy sanction, the reasonable rate of return, if any, of a public service corporation; the amount of salary and income above which it would be sinful to receive; a fair rate of wages; the duty of employers toward labor unions; the function of the middleman in trade.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," said a statesman of the nineteenth century, "if religion is going to interfere with private life." If he had added "and the business world," he would have cogently expressed the prevailing view of religion in the Western world today.

But only those who have embarked on the exciting adventure of tracing the history of human thought realize that not so many hundred years ago religion did interfere with the whole range of private and business affairs; that this generally accepted division of life into "sacred" and "secular" is an extremely modern development; that if religion played the rôle today that it used to in human life it would prescribe for precisely these mundane matters.

Draw a circle around the concerns of mankind. To the medieval Christian the area of the Church's authority was coincident with the circumference of the circle. Today the sovereignty of religion, even in the minds of devout Christians, is confined to a rigidly prescribed and exceedingly small core at the centre; what they would call "the inner life." Probably no greater revolution in the intimate thoughts and feelings of the human race has ever occurred than this dethronement—or is it the abdication—of religion.

Mr. Tawney's book is devoted to the history of that revolution. It is a fascinating and distinguished piece of work. Mr. Tawney has a dual personality. He is at once an eminent scholar and a genuine literary artist. Unlike most dual personalities, however, the two are not held apart by some mysterious psychopathic influence. In Mr. Tawney they freely mingle: his scholarship is impregnated with the artist's beauty of expression, while the beauty is held captive by the passion of the mind for truth. And illuminating the whole relationship is an understanding that reaches deep into the hidden places of the human heart.

It might be inferred from such praise that the book will make a wide appeal. Unfortunately such is not the case. For the average reader there will be many limitations. But the limitations, it must hastily be added, will not be those of the book as much as of the reader. Mr. Tawney assumes a knowledge of medieval history which, in these headlong days, far too few have mastered.

Broadly Mr. Tawney's thesis is this. Medieval thought rested on two assumptions which no one at the time even remotely questioned: "That economic interests are subordinate to the real business of life, which is salvation," and that "economic conduct is one aspect of personal conduct, upon which, as on other parts of it, the rules of morality are binding." In other words there was "no place in medieval theory for economic activity which is not related to a moral end." And, of course, the Church, and the religion it professed, were the high arbiters of what was a moral end. But today the scene has completely changed.

Religion has been converted from the keystone which holds together the social edifice into one department within it, and the idea of a rule of right is replaced by economic expediency as the arbiter of policy and the criterion of conduct. From a spiritual being, who, in order to give service, must give a reasonable attention to economic interest, man seems to have become an economic animal, who will be prudent, nevertheless, if he takes due precaution to assure his spiritual well-being—a dualism which regards the secular and the religious aspects of life, not as successive stages within a larger unity, but as parallel and independent provinces, governed by different laws, judged by different standards, and amenable to different authorities.

Mr. Tawney explores deeply the wide but swift sweep of mental and material events that span the poles of these two divergent points of view. He describes, with a wealth of annotation, the medieval attitude: One which "starts from the position that there is a moral authority to which considerations of economic expediency must be subordinated," and which proceeds to do—what would now be considered the unpardonable sin—of prescribing just how the subordination should take place.

Prices, for example, "must be such, and no more than such, as will enable each man to have 'the necessaries of life suitable to his station,'" and interest could not be charged for loans. At every turn there were "limits, restrictions, warnings against allowing economic interests, to interfere with serious affairs. It is right for a man to seek such wealth as is necessary for a livelihood in his station. To seek more is not enterprise, but avarice, and avarice is a deadly sin."

But, it must be noted, even in those days the application of moral principles to contemporary practice had its limits. A charmed circle of affairs on a higher plane—separate from and above the concerns of ordinary men—was exempt. "The Church could not afford to dispense with commercial wickedness in high places. It was too convenient. The distinction between pawnbroking, which is disreputable, and high finance, was as familiar in the Age of Faith as in the twentieth century."

Nor did the medieval religious thinker question for a moment the underlying morality of the existing social order. Below the concerns of everyday living they did not probe—any more than they did in the regions above. "The Church was an immense vested interest, implicated to the hilt in the economic fabric, especially on the side of agriculture and land tenure. Itself the greatest of land owners, it could no more quarrel with the feudal structure than the Ecclesiastical Commission, the largest of mineral owners today, can lead a crusade against royalties." The whole implication of medieval religion was, socially speaking, conservative in the extreme. Each man, be it noted again, was not entitled to all the necessities of life, but only such as were "suitable to this station."

But in spite of the exemption of these upper and lower circles of existence from the sovereignty of morals, the fact remains that in medieval times "the problem of the moralization of economic life," on the small scale involved, "was faced and not abandoned."

Then came forces which, in a complicated series of interacting causes and effects—often not disentangled by Mr. Tawney as thoroughly as one might wish—wrought the abdication of religion in economic life. The sixteenth century, like the nineteenth was an age of industrial revolution. Below the feudal system grew up a mercantile economy, sprouting in the cities and spreading far and wide, until feudalism was merely a broken shell that fell apart and let the new world through.

With trade came first Luther and then Calvin. Each in his way contributed to the secularization of the common life.

Luther viewed with alarm the shift in the economic scenery.

Confronted with the complexities of foreign trade and financial organization, or with subtleties of economic analysis, he is like a savage introduced to a dynamo or a steam engine. He is too frightened and angry even to feel curiosity. Attempts to explain the mechanism merely enrage him; he can only repeat that there is devil in it and that good Christians will not meddle with the mystery of iniquity.

But Luther blasted away one of the chief props of religious domination. The revolt against Rome at least struck off the shackles of priestly authority from those who revolted and allowed the muscles of individual independence greater play for exercise and growth. The ethics of Luther transgressed the domain of economics even more boldly than those of the medievalist; but at least they were Luther's, and not imposed by the external authority of an autocratic spiritual hierarchy.

Calvin led a far greater advance in the secular march. Calvinism "started from a frank recognition of the necessity of capital, credit and banking, large scale trading and finance; and the other practical facts of business life"; it was an urban movement, thoroughly middle class. Calvin and his Puritan descendants did not go out to battle with this economic ogre, they embraced it with open arms; thrift became a virtue, sobriety in business was exalted, hard work became a religious ideal. The Calvinists were "thinking, sober and patient men, and such as believe that labor and industry is their duty toward God."

Puritanism was the schoolmaster of the English middle classes. It heightened their virtues, sanctified, without eradicating, their convenient vices, and gave them an unexpungeable assurance that, behind virtues and vices alike stood the majestic and inexorable laws of an omnipotent Providence, without whose foreknowledge not a hammer could bat upon the forge, not a figure could be added to the ledger.

But the converse of Puritan ethics was none the less important, especially when the inventions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries gave birth to the factory system and capitalism waxed lusty in the land. If thrift be worshiped as a virtue, poverty becomes a sin. The supreme emphasis of the Puritan on individual responsibility carried with it the corollary of social irresponsibility. Not only are the poor to be scorned because they are poor, but because they have only themselves to blame for it.

While disclaiming ethical intentions of any sort, the new "science" of economics, fitting the temper of the times as the glove fits the hand, covered the operations of the new industrialists with moral respectability. It attained perfection of style in Adam Smith's famous reference to the invisible hand which saw in economic self-interest the operation of a providential plan. "National commerce, good morals and good government," wrote Dean Tucker, "are but parts of one general scheme in the designs of Providence."

No wonder that Walter Harris thought that "salvation might be found by reducing the number of holidays for the factory worker"; that Bishop Berkeley, "with the conditions of Ireland before his eyes, suggested that 'sturdy beggars should be seized and made slaves to the public for a certain term of years'"; and that Thomas Alcock, "shocked at the workman's taste for snuff, tea and ribbons, proposed the revival of sumptuary legislation." "The spiritual blindness," Mr. Tawney remarks, "which made possible the general acquiescence in the horrors of the early factory system, was not a novelty, but the habit of a century."

Mr. Tawney is not one of those who view with satisfaction the divorce between religion and business. Purely economic motives and ambitions, he ventures, are good servants but bad masters. "Harnessed to a social purpose, they will turn the mill and grind the corn. But the question to what end the wheels revolve still remains."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Tawney has not subjected the modern philosophy of economic dissent developed by socialists, anarchists and communists to as searching an analysis. After all, while these theories were born and grew to maturity outside the fold of established religion, the movement which has accepted them as its creed is not unlike a religion with its own code of ethics—a code which fills with something at least positive the gap in social morality left vacant by the separation of the Church from economics. Mr. Tawney hints at the possibilities. "Calvin," he remarks, "did for the bourgeoisie of the sixteenth century what Marx did for the proletariat of the nineteenth"; and again, "The true descendant of the doctrines of Aquinas is the labor theory of value. The last of the schoolmen was Karl Marx." No one could follow this fascinating lead better than Mr. Tawney himself.

The Proposed Broadway Temple, 173d-174th St. and Broadway, Washington Heights, New York City.

Donn Barber, Architect.

Catullus as the Keats Of Pagan Rome

His Complete Poems in a New Translation; "An Anthology of Italian Lyrics"

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ITALIAN LYRICS. From the Thirteenth Century to the Present Day. Chosen and Translated by Romilda Rendel. 265 pp. New York: Frank-Maurice, Inc. $2.50.

CATULLUS. Complete Poems. Translated and edited by F. A. Wright, M. A., Cantab., Classical Department, Birbeck College. With an introduction. Broadway Translation. 348 pp. London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

By PERCY A. HUTCHISON

ALTHOUGH it be translation of good poetry—poetry in translation is not always good. But the problem of transferring from one language to another anything so fragile as thought, to say nothing of the difficulties of transferring anything so tenuous as emotion, is a problem of such complexity that often a half measure of success must be counted as full measure. As this reviewer sees it, when translation is the only means of opening to the individual a field otherwise closed, the end attained excuses much of faltering in the means, and, except in cases of utter failure, the result should not be rejected.

To make a specific application of these generalities: If the writer were seeking examples of translation to stand as ultimate standards he would select neither the anthology of Italian lyrics, rendered into English by Romida Rendel, nor Professor F. A. Wright's renderings of the poems of Catullus. On the other hand, however, since Miss Rendel's collection begins with poetry written in the thirteenth century and comes down to the present day, the very comprehensiveness of the view thus afforded cannot other than recommend the book to those desiring adventure in unfamiliar fields. And if Professor Wright's transmutations of Catullus leave the reader wondering if the lover of "Lesbia" is quite entitled to his reputation, the answer is that Catullus (even more than Horace and Martial) is difficult to "naturalize" in English. Professor Wright has long devoted himself to the pleasurable occupation of rendering classical poets into the language of England and America; he is a scholar of intensive as well as extensive attainment, and he is highly sensitive to the temper of the original. Both Miss Rendel and Professor Wright preserve the spirit of the poem and the poet they translate, and, curiously, the error committed by each is the opposite of the error committed by the other. Miss Rendel frequently adheres too closely to the letter of the original; Professor Wright departs too widely from it. But with the "Catullus," as with the Italian anthology, a door will be opened for many, and this (again) may be counted enough.

The accident which has brought together the translation of Catullus and the Italian Anthology calls attention anew to the vast difference between Roman culture and the later culture of Italy. To be sure, some twelve hundred years intervene between the Latin poet and the first writer included in Miss Rendel's collection; but it is not the lapse of time which accounts for the difference; it is, needless to say, the change from paganism to Christianity. With the rise of Christianity man for the first time became conscious of the great possibilities of a romantic reading of life; the life of Christ was romance's first crusade. The paucity of vitalizing ideas among the ancients is strikingly illustrated when two such books as those being considered are brought into juxtaposition. Nor is this emphasized here because Miss Rendel's collection appears to include a superabundance of poems inclining toward the religious in theme; it becomes just as evident in the poetry which is purely secular.

The fact that Catullus lived but thirty years—Professor Wright places the birth of the poet in 84 B. C., thus differing with St. Jerome by three years—suggests a remote comparison between the Latin poet and John Keats. Further interest is lent to the linking of these two names by the unhappiness of Catullus's love for "Lesbia" and Keats's unhappy attachment for Fanny Brawne. A comparison as interesting as it would be illuminating could be made between Keats's sonnet beginning, "Bright star, would I were steadfast," and the "Lesbia" poems to which Professor Wright gives the captions "Renunciation" and "The Poet's Prayer." It must be kept in mind, however, that there is no real parallel between the two love affairs, in the matter of events, at least; it is the hopelessness of the issue which strikes the mind. The facts of "Lesbia's" life are abundantly known. The poet's mistress, to whom he gave a name that has survived the centuries, was Clodia, wife of Quintus Caecilius Metellus Celer, one of the proudest families in Rome. She ended her amorous career as a common prostitute, and the bitterness of Catullus's final verses to her is something that has no counterpart in the work of any other poet.

The translator and editor of the volume under consideration has written an introduction of more than fourscore pages; in this introduction he covers not only the poetry of Catullus, but also the backgrounds of the poet's writings, with especial attention to the various activities which comprised the every-day life of the Roman citizen of the class in which Catullus moved. The introduction is as clear as it is able, and a reading will contribute much to one's understanding of Catullus and one's appreciation of his work.

Catullus lived some considerable part of his life at Sirmion on the shores of Lake Garda; but in spite of that and the fact that he was by birth a countryman, not reared in the city, there is far less "of the land" to be found in Catullus than will be found in Horace. This, among his epigrammatic pieces, which the translator captions "Priapus's Warning," shows more feeling for nature than is usual with Catullus.

Fashioned of wood by unskilled hand
I guard this homestead and its land,
Contented here on watch to stay
And keep all filching thieves away.
In Spring the many-colored crown,
The sheafs in Summer ruddy brown,
The Autumn's twisting tendrils green
With nectar-gushing grapes between,
Some pink, some purple, some bright gold,
The shriveled olive blue with cold,
All are for me; for me the goat
Comes with her milk from hills remote,
And fatted lamb and calf pursued
By mourning mother sheds her blood.

The reason for the difference in the two poets is not far to seek: Catullus, for the major part of his writing years alternating between yearning and mourning for "Lesbia," had not Horace's leisure for contemplation.

Without doubt the most ingratiating of the "Lesbia" poems are the two on his mistress's canary, of which the first, as the shorter of the two, may be quoted:

My darling's canary, her plaything, her pet,
With whose all her troubles she loves to forget,
When my sweetheart has mind to indulge in sweet play,
And so for a moment her passion allay;
She lets you for warmth in her soft bosom linger,
And smiles when you peck at the tip of her finger,
Provoking you on to a petulant bite;
Dear little canary, ah, would that I might
Like your mistress with you from my troubles get free,
And in sport find escape from my heart's agony.

That Catullus never wrote in meter so slipshod is, however, a serious criticism on Wright's rendition, but it is only fair to say that although the translator in many instances gives other translations besides his own—although not in this case—the same lack of distinction in the Englished version is generally apparent. And the cause is difficult of discovery. To be sure, Catullus is the poet of the Roman Mayfair, with all its foibles and sophistications, its shallowness and, in respects, depths of genuine pollution. But whatever the dirt beneath his toga, the toga of the patrician Roman was ever of brilliant dye; and his sophisticated speech, even if expressing sentiments of depravity, still had that "handsomeness" of the Latin tongue which nothing could diminish or destroy. Latin is essentially a handsome language—as distinguished from a beautiful language. But rarely, if ever, does an English translator succeed in reproducing this aspect. Professor Wright has the misfortune (in his Catullus at least) to sin rather more than most. We have before us a translation into English of the odes and epodes of Horace, done by John Marshall, in which the effect of the Latin is carried over with a rare degree of excellence; but this Oxford scholar appears to be an exception among translators. Perhaps the trouble with the Catullus is that the translator tried to be just a little too "smart"; he carries his naturalization of a poem (we have borrowed the phrase, but forget from whom) too far. For the sum of his offending, take this, once more from the epigrams, with the final line:

My country house is sheltered from the North and from the East,
Nor does a wind from South and West disturb me in the least,
A draught from any quarter it successfully avoids;
There's only one it suffers from—an overdraft at Lloyds.

As a last word, however, there is this to be said in extenuation: a translation which nobody read would be labor wasted, and it may be possible that Professor Wright's strained rhymes and limpid (and sometimes limping) meters lend just that degree of "catchiness" which is necessary to attract the casual person who is more intent on passing the time pleasantly than he is in acquainting himself with Catullus. Professor Wright's previous volume in the list of the so-called "Broadway Translations"—a generous selection from the Greek anthology—published under the caption of "The Girdle of Aphrodite," was done in the same loose manner, and the effect of the work as a whole was not displeasing. And, on the whole, the effect of the present volume is not displeasing. The question of translation is one to which no single answer can be given; the purpose of the translation has to be considered along with everything else. It is very easy to stake too stern a view.

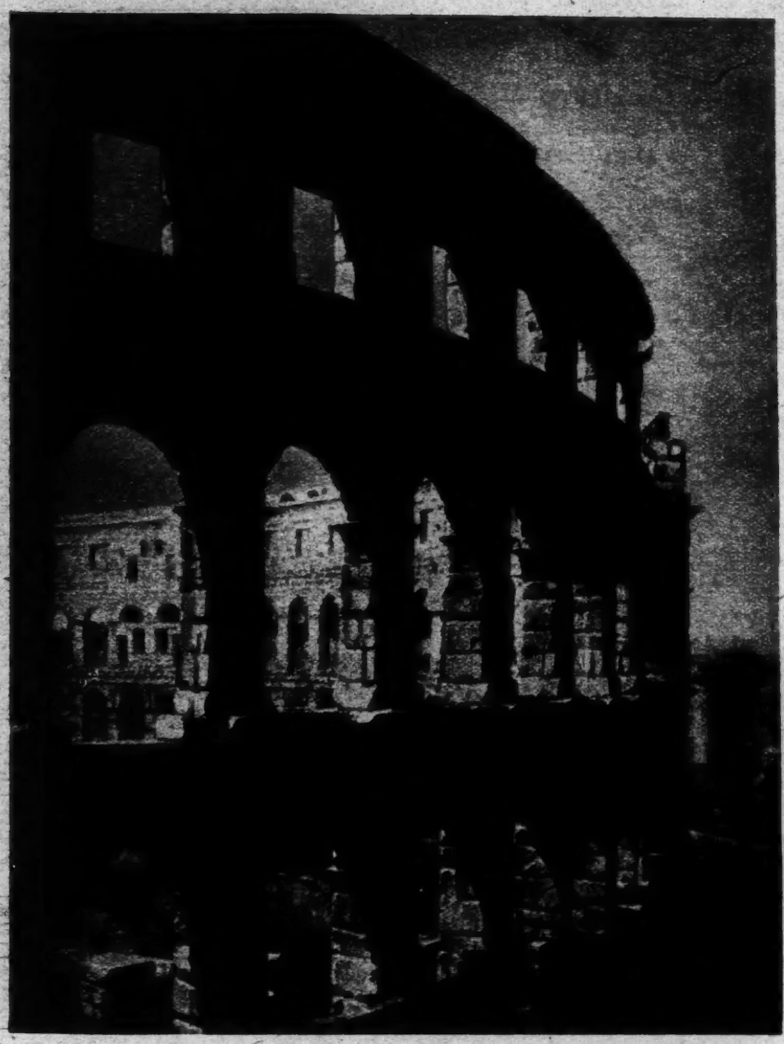
On turning to the anthology of Italian lyric poetry compiled by Romilda Rendel, the first feature of the book which catches the eye is the printing of the Italian original on the page opposite the translation. And while this practice halves the number of English renderings, it can but make the volume of greater interest to those who have any knowledge, however slight, of the Italian tongue. Except for the superabundance of poems of a religious cast, a fault already noted, the anthologist's selection has been varied and representative. She has omitted Dante, perhaps because she did not care to invite comparison with the translations from "La Vita Nuova," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Charles Eliot Norton. Fortunately, she has not shirked Petrarch, in spite of the incomparable renderings from the sequence to Laura made by Richard Garnett. That the English versions by the present anthologist do not greatly falter when placed beside those by Garnett gives one confidence in her entire collection. Of Miss Rendel's several renderings from Petrarch, this, from the sequence on the death of Laura, is her highest achievement, combining, as it does, faithfulness both to the letter and the spirit of the original, while attaining also individual poetic beauty of its own.

When first my lady dawned in Paradise,
Angels and saints about her gathering
In wonder gazed about the bright new thing,
Saying, "Whence did this glorious star arise?"
And when they saw the light within her eyes,
Each questioned of his fellows, marveling;
"What creature did from earth this beauty bring?
For mortals come not in such lovely guise."
Of her new country she hath much delight,
Rejoicing at her high and perfect state;
Yet every while she turns, and seems to wait,
Searching with eager eyes lest I be near.
Wherefore to heaven all my thoughts take flight,
While e'er her voice that bids me haste I hear.

One of the difficulties of reproducing in English the tonal effect of Italian poetry is the scarcity of feminine endings in our language. By making use of the two participles, "gathering" and "marveling" (despite the fact that they are not true femininies), Miss Rendel attains something of the liquidity of the Italian. Readers will recall with what amazing results Rossetti used participial endings in the sonnets of "The House of Life" sequence.

That Lorenzo de' Medici—Lorenzo the Magnificent—should have tried to walk in the path of poesy made so illustrious by Dante and by Petrarch occasions no surprise, especially in view of the fact that at this time in Italy the perfect courtier (as later in England) was expected to be as handy at composing a sonnet as he was expert in handling his rapier. A comparison between Miss Rendel's translations from the sonnets by Lorenzo and those by Petrarch will show how greatly poetry can fall when it lacks any true inflatus. Dante, Petrarch, Sir Philip Sidney—these three were animated in their

(Continued on Page 16)



Amphitheatre at Pola.

From "Wonders of the Past," Edited by J. A. Hammerton. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Feminist Pacifism in a New Dutch Novel

Nico van Suchtelen Presents a Psychological Study of a Frustrated Love Affair

DE STILLE LACH* (*The Serene Smile*). *By Nico van Suchtelen. Amsterdam: Nhj. voor Goede en Goedkoope Lectuur.

By HENRIETTE HENDRIX-HOLST

THE question has often been raised whether woman, now that she takes her place in the world of intellectual life, has still the same capacity for love, is still able to become the perfect wife and mother. Most men will answer in the negative—except the very cultured ones; most women will answer in the affirmative—except the very uncultured ones, of course.

In these columns I told about a Dutch novel in which a woman related all the struggles of her life; when study and love came in conflict with each other ("Reminiscences of an Independent Woman," by Annie Salomons, NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW of Aug. 9, 1925) how her life was wrecked because she could never be "just a woman" for the man she loved. A remarkable thing in Dutch literature is that the same subject later has been treated by a man, and that the character of his heroine was inspired by the personality of the authoress, Annie Salomons. The author is Dr. Nico van Suchtelen, and the charming title of his work is "The Serene Smile."

The style of this novel is as exquisite as that of the former; Nico van Suchtelen, however, is more a romanticist, and, being a man, is less apologetic for being romantic than his friend. In fact, there is no reason for being apologetic when one describes true and beautiful feelings, if only there is a basis of intelligent and phychological study; if a solid foundation is lacking, romanticism generally degenerates into sentimental sloppiness and emotional drivel such as movie fans adore. Van Suchtelen writes rather in the vein of Heine, in the charming style used by the German poet for his "Buch le Grand," which is perhaps the most delightful piece of prose existing in any literature; like Heine he makes fun of himself and others, like Heine he breaks off his enchantment with some matter-of-fact remark, though he is less cynical.

His novel begins with a correspondence between a simple village school teacher and a famous authoress-lecturer whom he admires but does not know. The teacher is a young man with little experience of the world but much culture of brain and heart.

Madam [he writes], when the last words of your lecture were still ringing, and the audience was still listening as if they heard a song dying away on the sea, you looked at me. You smiled, and thus you remained until the praise and speeches of the others claimed your attention.

Encouraged by that smile he dares to write a long unconventional letter:

I had seen you that afternoon, alone, on the terrace. You had crossed your arms on your chest, and you were staring at the tops of the trees, that were rustling. You seemed at that moment a woman like so many others: somewhat tired and discouraged because of a hopeless struggle, somewhat embittered and rancorous on account of lost or spoiled or thrown-away happiness. In your look all the restlessness and weakness of a searching creature were visible; but in the evening, when you were reading those beautiful poems, your eyes were full of human passion. They beamed and grew dull, they were light and then sombre, they cleared up and became hazy like dawn fighting shifting clouds. And at last, when they rested on me, your look was like the golden sunny smile of a goddess, beaming with pride and victory, serene with silent understanding, vast and deep with the blessed peace of liberation. That is why you saw my eyes full of tears.

A month later her answer comes, the answer of a spoiled famous woman, a little condescending, yet at the same time flattered by his praise, as it was not only the authoress he praised but also the woman. The delightful correspondence that results shows how congenial their souls are, though their circumstances in life are entirely different. Naturally they are drawn toward each other, but when he hints at a possibility of more than friendship, she does not answer any more. We read pages of his diary, revealing a noble character, original ideas, utter neglect of conventions, a life so simple and yet so full of interest. And always there is the unforgotten "serene smile."

Her life is strenuous, full of study, books, lectures, correspondence, love affairs, but she cannot forget Joost Vermeer, the schoolmaster, and his beautiful letters, which after all mean more to her than all the other things combined. She writes again, trying to explain herself; asks to meet him. After they have met, the letters become love letters, full of worship on his side, full of reserve on hers. She is a woman of 32 who has had many disillusions, who believes in supreme friendship but not in physical love. She writes him at last that she is disappointed that he hungers for her body as well as for her soul, just like all the others:

Do not misunderstand me; I do not reject your love and devotion. I will not even admit that I love you less than you love me; you imagine that in your infatuation. My affection is only different. During my lecture tour, when I dared not meet you again, I felt so deeply conscious of your tender friendship. And also now. Believe me, Joost, you are dearer to me than any one has ever been. But I can no longer love in your simple, childish way; I can no longer desire to bind my life to that of another. I have hankered for the man I could recognize and appreciate as my equal, and at last I have found him: it is you, dear Joost. You are even more to me, and yet I cannot say: "I give myself to you, I become one with you, I will live for you and through you." That illusion I lost forever. You, dreamer, want to shape everything according to your dreams. Poor Joost, you are a poet, greater and foolisher than any of us, for you use your life and fate for your poems instead of words and rhymes. Why do you want to spoil the great affection, that very sincere and intimate friendship I have for you, and create an image of love that does not exist? If I yielded . . . do you know what would happen? Don't you realize that then we should become alienated? Joost, this will sound cruel to you, but I am quite sure about it myself; after a year, or perhaps sooner, your love, if it had not died already, would irritate or annoy me; I cannot live for another; I cannot be wrapped up in some one else forever. And as for a temporary paroxysm of happiness, a passing intoxication, I do not want it, not with you, Joost, because I love you too much. Believe me, I know myself; let me remain myself. I have found a sort of resignation, and you must not disturb that, it has taken me so long to attain it. You call it perverse and weak that I have become like this; that is very unjust of you. We are both "different from others," but as soon as we should have disappointed each other in love, in our last attempt at love, as soon as we should despairingly try to attain happiness and wound each other's souls, we should forever have to face each other as "the same ordinary beings." Joost, save me from that humiliation. . . .

If you force me to tell myself that I love you, that I should always love you if I had the courage to conquer my pride. . . . dear Joost, I have tried to convince myself. But, thank heaven, I resisted. For self-sacrifice not necessitated by love is suicide, and you, Joost, are too noble to accept it.

The last part of the book gives his diary. He tries to make something of his life again, but he cannot forget her. When the war breaks out he offers his services, not to kill but to heal. While nursing the wounded he gets hit by an exploding shell; he loses his eyes, his right hand, and a wound in the chest proves fatal. On his death-bed, when the nurse asks him if he suffers much, he answers:

"Yes, but not enough."
"What do you mean?"
"The pain in my heart and brains is still stronger."

And his last words are: "Tell her . . . the serene smile."

The nurse sends her his diary and also a paper with the title, "The Will of the Schoolmaster." This "will" leaves all the riches of his mind to humanity; it is a beautiful, severe argument against war, written in a time when people still believed patriotism to be the greatest virtue; it is a human document that has become famous in Dutch literature and that should be translated into all other languages.

To quote a few lines:

If you desire peace to become permanent you will have to abolish the causes for war, not only in politics and political economy but in your own heart. There is no other way, for there are no other causes except your own stupidity, greed and vanity. And if you are too old and deformed yourself, allow your children to become better than you were. What other reason is there for having children, if you do not want them to improve the world more than you have done? But the toy shops are still full of toy guns and toy soldiers. And your sons and nephews are allowed to become brave scouts and to swear faithfulness to their King and country even before they have learned history. That is why there is war and there will always be war.

You know that women, society women, have given the "good example" to work in munition factories. You did not protest. On the contrary, you looked with interest and approval at their pictures in the weekly papers. Then why do you complain of the atrocities of war? What did you do in time of peace to prevent war, except attend a meeting now and then? You, laborers, who are now indignant at the crimes of war, did you not with your own hands make the tools for these crimes in time of peace? You, men of intellect and science, how is it that our war technics are so brilliant and perfect? And all of you, did you refuse to pay taxes for these things? Did you ever make the candidates for Parliament for whom you voted promise that they would in the first place watch for the chief interest of a State: to prevent war? Now you accuse your Governments and diplomats, or at least those of your enemies. And rightly. But their guilt is your guilt.

This fierce argument against war may divert the attention from the main idea of the book, and this indeed is the only remark I could make, that van Suchtelen has given too many ideas in one volume, that he gave enough material to fill three or four novels; but at the same time I must agree that what he achieved was marvelous. No doubt the author would say that in giving the diaries, which are brimful of thoughts on education, on woman's emancipation, on patriotism, on entomology, on socialism, on ethics, on the importance of dreams, on religion, and many other things, he only revealed the characters of his hero and heroine to their full extent.

And what happened to the heroine after she left Joost? We learn that from a letter written in 1943, addressed to her daughter, printed at the beginning of the book. She married the wrong man, an amiable sportsman belonging to her own set.

At last I dared to accept the happiness which I had always allowed to pass by; I dared to believe that I loved him. It was my last illusion; very soon, even before you were born, I had lost it. But when you had entered my life, the disillusion seemed no longer so, my mistake no longer was a mistake. With you a real love was born, unchangeable and constant, because there was no selfishness in it.

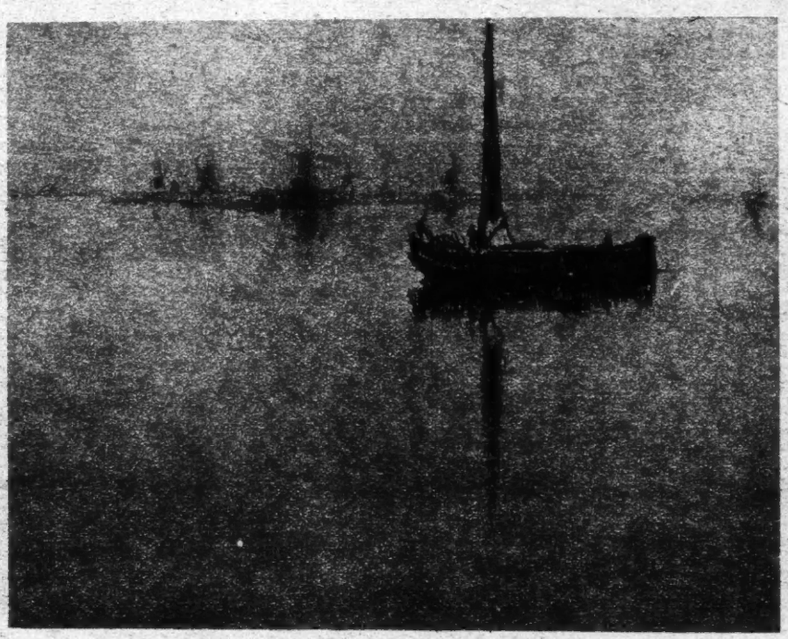
When Nico van Suchtelen wrote this novel, Annie Salomons assisted him with some parts. But that was a secret, and she thought her share of too little importance to have it revealed. The author, however, felt compunction about their secrecy. Was the world never to know that her personality had inspired him, that she even wrote some of the letters and parts of the diary?

"No," said Annie Salomons.

"Never?" asked Nico van Suchtelen.

"Well, if you insist, let it be known when you get to your tenth edition."

A tenth edition is a rare event in the small literary world of Holland. But "The Serene Smile" reached it. And in the preface the author tells the secret, dedicating his work to her, "the woman whom he does not burden with words of praise and gratitude, knowing that no one less than she would expect flattery from sincere friendship and devotion."



"Zaanstreek." An Etching by James McBey.
From "Fine Prints of the Year, 1924."

"Those in Peril on the Sea"

(Continued from Page 11)

masts bent like whips and the water came over the bows in cataracts.

One sometimes suspects that the romance of navigation, as the landsman conceives it, is too rose-colored and sweet-scented for reality; there is not enough of the stink of bilge water in it. Captain Whall is quite aware of this, and he puts in the bilge water. He knows the worst that can be known of sailors' lives, past and present. Yet the sea and its history are still, in his eye, alive with sturdy romance. He loves to dwell upon the first ships, the first lighthouses, the slow development of competent sails and hulls, the wonderful story of Prince Henry the Navigator, and that sunburst of glory which shone upon the seas during the latter half of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. He loves the Elizabethans and he has a true English pride in the men who brought the pride of the Armada's Captains so low. "In those spacious times," he writes, "England, having emancipated herself from feudalism and from Rome, was not long in showing what could be done by a nation of free men."

He loves pirates and privateers, too—Dampier, who fought Spaniards and sailed the vast deserts of the Pacific as nonchalantly as though it were a millpond; Sir Henry Morgan, who sacked Panama, and then became respectable enough to be made Lieutenant General of Jamaica and die peaceably in bed; Captain Roberts, the corsair, who went into action "dressed in a rich crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain around his neck with a diamond cross hanging to it, a sword in his hand and two pair of pistols hanging at the end of a silk sling flung over his shoulders according to the fashion of the pyrates," but was killed just the same and thrown to the sharks; and, of course, the unlucky and possibly innocent Captain Kidd—though Captain Whall gives the latter short shrift.

For latter-day explorers there is the great James Cook, who taught the English marine how to reduce its frightful losses from scurvy and similar diseases; and there is Bligh, one of his officers, who made a famous voyage of forty-two days in an open boat; and there is Anson, who sailed around the world in 1740 to 1744, fighting Spaniards, capturing the Manila galleon, and losing all but a handful of his crew by disease. To go to sea in those days came dangerously near suicide. Captain Whall has chapters on polar exploration, too, including, as all such recitals must, the tragic and heroic story of the Scott expedition. What Englishman could fail to thrill to certain passages in Scott's diary, or what man of any race fail to be a little prouder of his kind?"

Yet, perhaps, the most fascinating chapters are those on "The Seamen," "Sea Songs and Sea Terms," "Sea Customs, Legends and Mysteries," and "Hidden Treasure." No boy, from 10 to 80, can well pass them by. And those of a practical turn of mind will be interested in Captain Whall's outline of the development of sails, of steam power, and of the arts of navigation. But such books, and there have been many of them lately, are dangerous. They make one smell salt water, and then how can he stay at home?

Far Fields Are Always the Fairest Pastures

Three Anodynes for Sedentary Wanderlust

ON THE MANDARIN ROAD. By Roland Dorgelès. Translated from the French by Gertrude Emerson. Illustrated. 332 pp. New York and London: The Century Company. $3.

THE VENTURE BOOK. By Elinor Mordaunt. Illustrated with sketches and photographs by the author. 326 pp. New York and London: The Century Company. $3.50.

THROUGH THE MOON DOOR. By Dorothy Graham. Illustrated. 341 pp. New York: J. H. Sears & Co., Inc. $5.

By GREGORY MASON

PERHAPS a good test of a travel book is, "Does it make you want to go?"

Of course it would not be fair to apply this test in a comparison of books if one book dealt with a region as obviously attractive to most people as the Riviera and if the other were concerned with a place as austere in climate and scenery as Tierra del Fuego or Kerguelen. Moreover, the application of this gauge might reveal little or nothing as to the literary merits or lack of them in the work in question. Still it has its uses, for a large percentage of the people who buy travel books do so to get an estimate of a land they hope one day to visit or to revive memories of places they have already seen and may return to.

French Indo-China, the South Sea Islands and Peking, the far places with which M. Dorgelès, Mrs. Mordaunt and Mrs. Graham, respectively, are mainly or entirely concerned, are all places of a good deal of lure to the man or woman afflicted with wanderlust. In that respect it is fair in comparing these books to apply to each of them the test, "Does it make you want to go?" But an element of unfairness may lie in the fact that the present reviewer has visited Peking, but has never seen the places described by M. Dorgelès and Mrs. Mordaunt.

However, for whatever it may be worth, I hereby record the fact that M. Dorgelès makes my nose itch for the smell of teak and sandalwood and Chinese water lilies; Mrs. Mordaunt convinces me that there really are in the South Seas places packed with sudden adventure and delightful primitive languor, as Stevenson and O'Brien said there were, and I form a passionate resolve to see those places before radios and timetables and American civic centre builders have reached them. Contrasted to the itch-to-go which these two writers impart, the contribution of Mrs. Graham is a contented acquiescence in the necessity of postponing that return to Peking another year.

It is only fair to add that if this reviewer were a rather domestic woman these reactions might be reversed. If there are rather domestic women with an occasional yearning for travel of the safer sort Mrs. Graham's book should appeal to them. It may well also find a considerable sale among domestic women who enjoy reading about the difficulties of housekeeping in foreign lands, gaining thereby new strength for their determination not to budge out of Brooklyn.

"Through the Moon Door" has its adventures, but they are mainly concerned with such enterprises as renting a house in Peking and buying feather coverlets. The author of this handsome volume builds her story of very small incidents, but builds rather well. She finds much appeal in the sort of small comedies and tragedies of every-day life which were the stock-in-trade of Jane Austen. When she swings off on sporadic descriptions of nature the attempt at "fine writing" leads her sometimes to the verge of pathos, but in handling the household scene she is constantly engaging.

Perhaps the best of her pages are those dealing with the conventionalities and absurd pettiness of social life in the Anglo-Saxon colony of China's capital. Here is the sort of thing which leaves the reader well satisfied with the informal social life of a Connecticut village:

> Following diplomatic procedure, which is excellent for the amenities of the corps but preposterous when applied to private individuals, the stranger is expected to call on all old inhabitants—introduction neither necessary nor desired.
>
> One woman was designated as the social dictator. I was repeatedly told that I must brave her drawing-room and present myself, explaining my pedigree evidently, and stating my purpose in the capital * * * I should have felt like a book agent. I did not go. Nothing could have persuaded me to go.
>
> Yet when I met this arbiter of Peking at the house of a mutual friend, she promptly inquired my intentions, if not my antecedents. "Four months in the city!" she exclaimed. "And you haven't called on me yet?" Her manner, that had been extremely cordial, became in an instant distinctly chill.

Any American who has ever lived in Peking, Tokio, Leningrad, Mexico City, Rome, Rio or any of a hundred other foreign cities will appreciate the horrible veracity of Mrs. Graham's picture of an American colony abroad. (Some novelist who, like John Galsworthy and Sinclair Lewis, is at his best when writing of what he most hates ought to do a novel called "The Colony." The suggestion is gratis.

A literary sharing of the travels of M. Dorgelès and Mrs. Mordaunt, however, persuades one that Mrs. Graham is in a minority of the writing tribe, and that the pen of the majority of scribes is most cunning when dealing with what the author loves. Both this Frenchman and this Englishwoman enjoy going for its own sake, both yearn for lives of straightforward, primitive action. Both hate that so-called civilising process which the former declares is merely the teaching of new wants to people happy with few. As a "stewardess" aboard a dirty trading schooner on which she is the only woman Mrs. Mordaunt is happy, although

> * * * my neck is raised up in large water-blisters from the sun * * * while the backs of my arms are like raw beef * * * I am altogether in my own element, translated by my freedom from what most people call the ordinary life—to me so extraordinary that it misfits me like badly made clothes, stiff and ungainly, in which I never fail to feel an ass.

M. Dorgelès' outstanding quality is a curious blend of illusion and stubborn honesty. He is not one who says, "Romance is dead." He says, "Romance is dead, long live Romance." Finding that plantations are no longer cleared by the prehensile power of elephant's trunks he thrills at the indomitable energy of steam stump-pullers. No longer do Annamites on their New Year's day strike their foreheads on the flagstones of the Palace Court at Huế; neither did they in the "good old days" go forth to visit the tombs of their ancestors on motorcycles. M. Dorgelès admires Pierre Loti, but sees his East with a perspicacity and writes of it with a delightful directness lacking in the over-rated author of "Madame Chrysanthème." Enjoying an amorous vision of a congaie, a professional charmer of Annam, he pulls himself up short with, "Well, if the truth must be told, she had black teeth and smelled fishy."

Some of M. Dorgelès' tales of the heroic, half-mad Frenchmen who conquered and settled Indo-China yesterday suggest that he might do for this country what Kipling did for India, if, indeed, he has not already begun to do it. Kipling and Conrad would love the doctor who escaped the heat by moving his office to the bottom of a dry well, the official who launched his sheet iron bathtub in the river, climbed aboard and let the current take him where it would, and the colonial officer who frightened the natives of a village into obedience by leaving his glass eye on their ancestral altar where it could observe any sign of insubordination.

This young Frenchman has succeeded at a task which has defeated many an older hand. That is to say, he has managed to blend shrewd observation of human beings, vivid portrayal of nature, and compact presentation of materially useful information under a style which is always easy and often distinguished. (Due credit must be given the translator.) Like Kipling he can sing the thundering hymn of Imperialism, but he never forgets that the thing makes no such splendid noise to the plundered native. It appalls him that the fine primitive tribes of the interior are destined to be enslaved by French promoters and bankers, and he rather exults in the prophecy that unless the profiteers be taught some moderation "France will lose the finest part of its empire within thirty years."

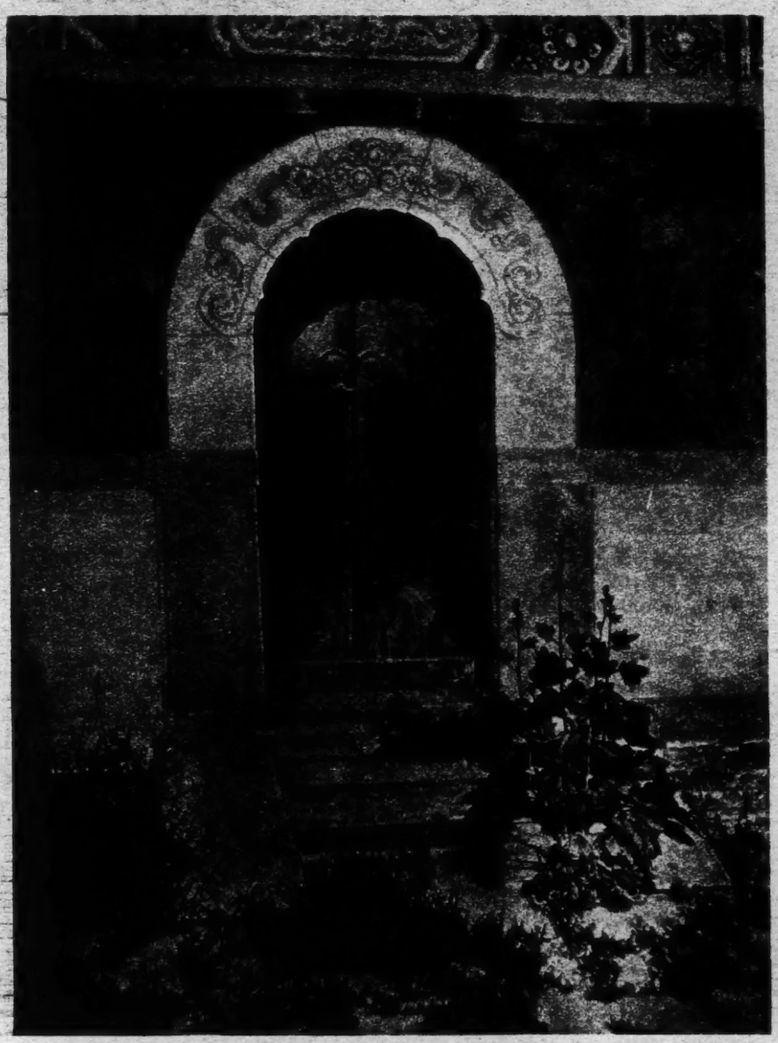
Mrs. Mordaunt, who voyaged to the South Sea Islands via the West Indies and the Panama Canal, is a traveler of very strong impressions, although she herself cannot always account for them. She is moved by the beauty of Guadeloupe and Martinique, whose negro women are "unmatched in the whole world." She is even more stirred by the ugly efficiency of Colon, "more like an insect than a town. A long, low, scurrying, super-insect. A Robot among insects." Tahiti is all that Frederick O'Brien said it was and more. Praise of the beauty of the much advertised "native women" of those parts comes with unusual force from this writer, herself a woman. But the island of Tongatabu she finds the paradise of all these oceanic paradises. On coming of age every boy is given all the land he needs, and if, occasionally, any one should want to buy a little kerosene or a new lava-lava the slight exertion of gathering a few cocoanuts will bring in the money.

The itch-to-go seems to be chronic, hopeless of cure, in Mrs. Mordaunt's case. It drove this "middle-aged" Englishwoman to the huts of Fiji chiefs, who had not forgotten that the flesh of white men, even when most delicately cooked with spinach, was tough and tasteless. It drove her several times to the edge of shipwreck, once catastrophe being averted only when she mutinied against the cringing captain and took the tiller herself. It drove her at last even out of this island heaven to Australia and the modern cities, which always bring to her "that exhausted and mazed feeling, that sense of being nothing more than a mere pinch of friable dust."

At once she began to save money to return,

> for there is no doubt whatever that the Pacific has got me * * *
>
> To be kind, to be happy, to love and be loved; to find one's self surrounded by beauty and sunshine and sea-air, blest with an infinity of leisure. Is it to be wondered that many men forget that there is anything else left in life to be desired?

It is not. The wonder is that a few wanderers, like Mrs. Mordaunt, find the impulse to return. We may be thankful that they do, else we should not have these delightful accounts of this terrestrial Nirvana, where white men and white women can find energy for nothing but to be happy.



Door in Temple of the Wind God, Peking.

From "Picturesque China." By Ernst Boerschmann. (Brentano's, New York.)

Fifty Years Ago in Paraguay

THE IPANE. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Frontispiece. 188 pp. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $1.75.

FIRST published in England in 1899, this little collection of sketches by Cunninghame Graham is revived for the pleasure of another generation of readers. The book takes its title from the initial paper, which tells about the disastrous journey of a South American river steamer called the Ipané. Its scene is in Paraguay in 1870, and it presents an exceedingly vivid picture of life, customs, ideas, people in that region half a century ago, all gathered into a sketch of less than twenty pages. Others are scened in Texas, Argentina, Iceland, Arabia, Scotland, and all of them are memories from his restless wanderings far and wide in the eighteen-seventies and eighties.

Some are descriptions of customs, such as "The Lazo," which is an account of the origin, purpose and use of the rope known to the American cowboy as the lasso or lariat, an account written with considerable knowledge and wide observation. Of similar character is "The Bolas," which tells the story of the use and development of that primitive weapon of stone in South America. Others have a touch of fiction to give dramatic value to their graphic backgrounds, or there is introduced a character or an incident so dramatic in itself that the sketch is more interesting than fiction. And there is always literary value, for the author's mind is not commonplace and he uses the English language with skill. In a brief, concise preface he says that he wrote these sketches to please himself and intimates that he thought he had done them all the better for that reason.

Stephen Leacock Tilts His Hat Over One Eye

"Winnowed Wisdom" Hits Off "The Outline of Everything," Evolution and Foreign Exchange

WINNOWED WISDOM. By Stephen Leacock. 283 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

WE have been informed that Mr. Stephen Leacock is Professor of Economics, or Sanskrit, or Philosophy, or some other equally learned subject, in McGill University. Yet we can but feel that the information is incorrect. Mr. Leacock is Professor of Humor, and nothing else; and he lectures, not to the students of the Montreal institution of scholarship and erudition, but to the world at large. In fact, we can see him in our mind's eye—his cap a trifle awry, and his gown a bit askew, and a broad and genial smile spread generously over his face, enunciating his words of "Winnowed Wisdom," which have now been reproduced by a publisher willing to turn an honest penny—for the fashion of "broadcasting" through the publication of books has not yet (happily) given way to the newer method that came with the invention of the radio.

Mr.—but we beg a humble pardon—Professor Leacock has sorted out his winnowing under several heads, perhaps better, has emptied them into several bushel baskets and labeled the baskets. Among these labels (there are eight receptacles) are the following, which will serve as samples: "The Outline of Everything," "Studies in the Newer Culture," "In the Good Old Summer Time" and "Travel and Movement." And now that the reader has viewed the samples we state that the other labels read: "Brotherly Love Among the Nations," "Great National Problems" and "Round Our City." The eighth basket—which we should not have included with the others, since it is nearer a peck in size than it is a bushel—bears the words "The Christmas Ghost."

We are not going to talk a great deal about Mr. Leacock; we had our own experience some years back with professors and we found then that they wish to do the talking. However, we cannot say in so many words that we intend to let Professor Leacock "talk"; we started with a figure of speech, an elaborate figure of speech, which cost us considerable mental effort, and we do not intend to let go of the figure so easily. It was something about bushel baskets, and we intend to continue in the strain. When there are baskets of things set out in a country store it is usual for the customers (some of those who frequent country stores are occasionally customers) to go about tasting or otherwise testing the samples thus displayed. As strict adherence to this procedure is not possible we shall substitute a method that approximates it as nearly as possible; we shall ourselves pass around samples of the samples. And any one who wishes to put them into his mouth is at liberty to do so, but we warn that printer's ink—even the high quality of ink used in this magazine—is, if consumed in quantity, deleterious to the internal organs, even if palatable to the taste.

Professor Leacock pursues a method in writing much like that of this review; in fact, we are beginning to question whether he may not have anticipated this review and adopted a style to conform with it. To make the intricacies of this clearer, we began with some bushel baskets, but we are not going to talk about them yet, Mr. Leacock does not—he starts with a preface. We shall start with his preface. He addresses himself—nay, he "appeals"—to the average man, who, he finds from statistics, "goes to church six times a year and has attended Sunday school for two afternoons and can sing half a hymn." However, he is not going to appeal to him, for "nothing does appeal to the average man until it has made a terrible hit somewhere else." But now that we have written this, and gone to the trouble of putting in all the quotation marks, we are sorry, for it has just got over to us that this was a subterfuge on the part of the Canadian instructor to flatter the reader into believing that he is not "an average man," the logic being that since the book makes "a terrible hit" it is thereby proved that he, the reader, is above the average. The book made the hit with us that its author expected it to do, and we are angry at having fallen for so despicable a bait. We shall go back to the bushel baskets.

The first, it will be recalled (the present writer flatters himself that his poor words may be recalled) was tagged "The Outline of Everything." Space will not permit reproducing these outlines, but we shall give the author's reasons for making them. "The world's knowledge," he writes, "has been reduced to very small compass." But he doubts if even now it is sufficiently concentrated.

Even the briefest outlines are too long for the modern business man. We have to remember that the man is busy. And when not busy he is tired. He has no time to go wading through five whole pages of print just to find out when Greece rose and fell. It has got to fall quicker than that if it wants to reach him.

Hence the outlines, which have to do with Shakespeare, with evolution, with astronomy and with recent advances in science. But we take it that the "Outlines" included in the present volume are for publicity purposes only, and that (rates supplied, undoubtedly, on request) outlines will be prepared on any topic desired. However, now we have inadvertently mentioned evolution, lest it should be felt in sensitive quarters that Mr. Leacock is on the side of the evolutionists, we feel that in justice to him, that his sales may not be diminished, we should quote what he himself has labeled "Postcripts":

I find on inquiry [he writes] that they [the modern biologists] are prepared to amend his evolution doctrine in a variety of points.

It seems that Darwin laid too much stress on what he called natural selection and the survival of the fittest. The modern biologist attaches no importance to either of them. It seems also that Darwin overestimated very much the part played by heredity. He was moreover mistaken in his idea of the changes of species. It is probable, too, that his notion of a monkey is inadequate. It is doubtful also whether Darwin ever actually sailed in the Beagle. He may have been in the Phineas Q. Fletcher of Duluth. Nor is it certain that his name was Darwin.

Stephen Leacock's humorous method does not vary greatly from book to book. Why should it? When a miner strikes pay ore his deepest wish is that the vein shall not change. Broadly speaking, we should say that Leacock's humor is broad satire. We are not sure that the reader will perceive this in reading the book, and so we take pains to point it out. The reader may consider Mr. Leacock subtle—this would be a mistake. For example, to prove that we are correct, take this. It is from the basket "New Lights From New Minds." It is dated "Oxford, Tuesday."

E. J. Slagg, the multimillionaire owner of mines and President of Slagg Consolidated Copper, visited Oxford yesterday, and was shown about the colleges. * * * Now and then he darted a shrewd question or let fall a short comment.

"This place," he said, "is old." On the threshold of the Bodleian Library he paused a moment as if rapidly measuring the contents with his eye. "Mostly books?" he asked.

But, with his usual solicitude for the reader, Mr. Leacock adds that this new and brilliant light is not only turned on Europe. "By a similar process it is let loose on the American Continent, too."

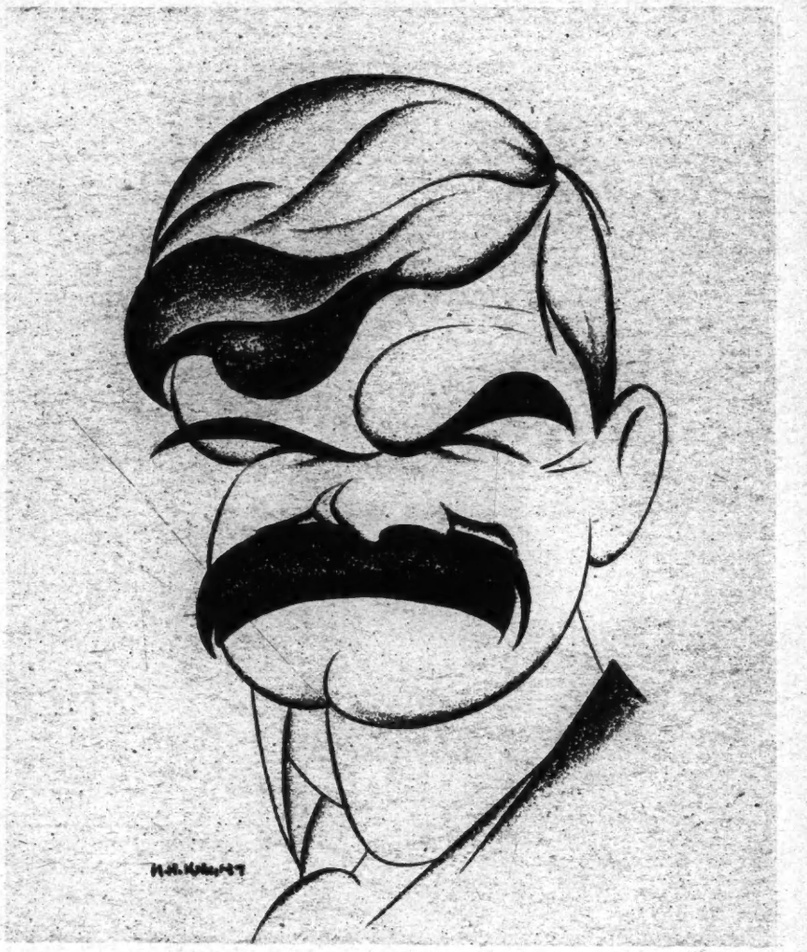
Under the general caption of "Round Our City," under the subheading, "Our Own Business Barometer," there will be found much of importance for those who are worrying over the present gyrations of the French franc, not knowing whether they will wake up tomorrow $6.19 the poorer, or $19.06 richer. Mr. Leacock, we forgot to mention, is concerned not with the franc, but with the milreis—which is a South American and not a European insect.

The Brazilian revolution [he writes] has focused financial attention on the milreis. As far as we can understand what the milreis did, it seems to have risen upward, fallen down, lain flat, tried to get up, failed, raised itself again and then flopped. Our experts are not prepared to give any opinion as to what the milreis will do next. Some people think this is a good time to buy it, but if it was ours we should sell it. We wouldn't want it round the place.

And his conclusion on this whole business of prophesying is that it springs from the age-long desire of the human race for prophecies, and that the best way to get them is to go to a fortune teller (as has been done since the days of the Pharaohs) and get the forecast at $1 per.

If this were a learned review it would diverge at this point into a discussion of the quality of Stephen Leacock's humor. It would show, for example, that Mr. Leacock, although he appears so jovial, is, in reality, a deep-dyed pessimist. It would dive into his biography and find a secret yearning in his soul; it would discover that if Professor Leacock teaches Sanskrit he longs to teach Chinese; if he instructs in economics he yearns to lecture on dressmaking or the ancient pottery of the Manhattan Indians. But this is not a learned review. The present writer has just finished reading Catullus (in translation) as well as an anthology (likewise in translation) of Italian lyric poetry. And he has been content to laugh. Moreover, he hazards the guess that this was the purpose Mr. Leacock had in mind when he compiled his "Winnowed Wisdom."

P. A. H.



Stephen Leacock

The Keats of Pagan Rome

(Continued from Page 13)

sonneteering by genuine emotion, and all others fall away before them, with the single exception of Shakespeare. The sonnets of Shakespeare will always remain a puzzle. How much of their dazzling quality was due to actual emotion and how much to his sheer power as a poet?

After a literary renaissance has spent its effect it is to fugitive pieces that one looks to find the spark of living poetry rather than to individual poets or to periods; and this will hold true for any country. In Italian poetry there is as little to attract attention between Tasso and the nineteenth century as there is in English poetry between Milton and Wordsworth, or, let us say, Blake. But of fugitive pieces a goodly number will be found in Miss Rendel's little book, and one, a sonnet "To Night," by Ugo Foscolo (1778-1827) foreshadows the coming new day.

The rejuvenating force which swept through life and letters in the nineteenth century left no European country untouched, and there were echoes of the movement in this country. Italian poetry of the century is fertile with hope and rich in beauty, and the number of men who turned to lyric expression is impressive. At the outset of the period the name of Giacomo Leopardi looms above the rest. Leopardi's poetry is to no small extent the lyricism of pessimism; but it is pessimism which looks forward with hopeful longing for the dawn of a new era and a larger national and individual life. Leopardi was regarded as the poet of the young men of Italy who were preparing war and revolution. The English romantic poets of the same period were less fiery on the need of war; but Byron's journey to Greece will not be forgotten. The selections from Leopardi are too long to quote without doing violence.

By the time the third quarter of the century is past we come upon a note in Italian lyricism which is modern in that the poets have become more disinterested, more objective. The poetry of Giosuè Carducci (1875-1907) has a rare and evanescent beauty which can but exercise a potent charm on any sensitive reader. This "Winter's Night," at least until one comes on the final question concerning the dead, has much of the objective glamour of landscape painting:

Onward, onward. Like a gleaming sheet
The snow is spread upon the hillsides bare;
It crunches with shrill sound beneath my feet;
My breath, like smoke, floats on the frosty air.
Between still clouds the moon with motion fleet
Glides o'er that white expanse, and showeth there
Grim shadows of the pine whose branches meet
Writhing, like arms flung upward in despair,
Like thoughts appalled and loud invoking death.
Winter surrounds me, with its bitter breath
Freezing the breakers strong that freeze in me;
Thought is marooned upon that ice-bound sea,
And cries to heaven, O night, O Winter dread,
Does in their frozen graves, what do the dead?

It was from chance, not intent, that all the quotations made by the reviewer have been in the sonnet form; although very possibly there was a subtle compulsion at work of which he was not conscious. Miss Rendel is at her best when translating sonnets, due, in part, no doubt, to the fact that the sonnet has become as natural an English form as it was Italian. In many of her other renderings she seems less successful. But, as already made evident, we like the collection, and feel that its many virtues outweigh its faults. In the "Catullus" the faults and the virtues are more evenly balanced, with the result that the book in its entirety does not make so favorable an impression. But until a translation of the Roman poet appears which seems more truly to reproduce the "Lesbia" verses and the epigrams, this will have its place.

Current Magazines

TWO young women, Anne Temple and Regina Malone, debate in the July Forum on the question, "Has Youth Deteriorated?" Both are college graduates, and neither is more than 22 years of age, so that it may be presumed that they know whereof they speak. Anne Temple's answer to the question at debate is "Yes," and Regina Malone's is "No." Both agree, however, that the younger generation is in revolt and that it has cast aside the ideals and standards of the preceding generation. And both discuss, with the frankness that is characteristic of the youth of today, matters that their mothers would have blushed to hear mentioned. As for their conclusions, Anne Temple says:

We young people are like a herd of calves enclosed in a wide pasture. Leaderless we rush, in an impetuous, juvenile stampede, toward the furthest pasture gates, not knowing what lies beyond—more pasture lands or chasms. We have hurled aside all conventions. Accepted standards are "nil" with us. And now, without precedents, denying all antecedents, we are as bald and as intrinsically uninteresting as a plucked ostrich. We have sowed the wind: we are reaping the whirlwind. True, we have our freedom, our "self-expression" and our inhibitionless theories. Even at that, however, I am wondering if the past generations haven't something on us.

And here is Regina Malone's summing-up:

All the petty things to which you, a generation or two ahead of us, attach so much importance, are mere symbols of a revolt whose object is Freedom—Freedom, the cry of the ages—and it is only in this light that they should be regarded. Beauty and idealism, the two eternal heritages of Youth, are still alive. It is only the form of expression which they have assumed that has been mistaken for their death knell. Laugh it off, you who are alarmed at this fabulous monster of Youth! Pay less attention to the surface signs of the revolt and more to the good being accomplished by it. Remember how the expression affected you when your parents cried: "O Tempora! O Mores!" And the funny part is that the young insurgent who today inspires your wrath will one day be saying to a group of tolerant youngsters: "Things certainly have changed. Now in my day——."

In the same issue of the Forum is the first instalment of "Wilhelm Hohenzollern," a biography by Emil Ludwig. Other articles are "Defying the Klan," by Thomas Boyd; "The Courtship of Animals," by Julian Huxley; "Why I Am a Methodist," by Frank Mason North; "Paralyzing the Child," by George Draper; "Prohibition and Caste," by Rutherford H. Towner; "The American of Tomorrow," by Ales Hrdlicka; "The Meaning of the Eucharist," by Michael Williams; "Love," by Rose Macaulay; "On the Riviera Levant," by Pierre Coalfleet; "Neither—Nor," by The Pedestrian, and "A Tribute to Freud," by Havelock Ellis. The fiction includes an instalment of Anthony Richardson's "High Silver" and "The Crimson Dragon," by John Metcalfe. The Forum Definitions for this month are of "Success."

"Liberating a City" is the title of an article by Silas Bent in the July Century Magazine. Cincinnati is the city in question, and Mr. Bent tells how it was freed from political machine rule chiefly through the efforts of Murray Seasongood, a lawyer, who led the fight against the bosses and continued to fight until the battle was won. Credit is also given to Colonel Clarence O. Sherrill, Cincinnati's first city manager, who both literally and figuratively gave the city a thorough house-cleaning. Under the heading "Washington and Lafayette," the Princess Radziwill presents a number of letters written by a young French officer who served under Lafayette during the War of Independence. Other articles in this number are "The Future of Israel," by James Waterman Wise; "Father Tries to Catch Up," by Rollo G. Reynolds; "A Night in Toledo," by Konrad Bercovici; "She Lived to Give Pain," a sketch of Aunt Mary Emerson, by R. F. Dibble; "Bull-Cooks," by Stewart H. Holbrook; "The Wets and the West," by George Fort Milton; "An Unspanked Generation," by Irving Bacheller; "The True Comic Character," by Thomas L. Masson; "The Centurion," by John Erskine; and "The Roving Critic," by Carl Van Doren. The fiction includes "So Not to Be Alone," by Carolyn Hosmer Rhone; "The Hoax," by Vere Hutchinson; "The White Streak," by Douglas Durkin; and "The Mechanical Genius," by McCready Huston. There are poems by Gertrude Ryder Bennett, Edgar Daniel Kramer, Olive Ward, Frederick Doty-Hull and Beatrice Allen Draper.

In an article entitled "The White Horse of Sam Sparks" in the July issue of Harper's Magazine, Elmer Davis reviews the careers of Sam Parks, a pioneer in the business of grafting on building construction, and of Robert P. Brindell, whose methods were subtler and infinitely more profitable. Starting with these two shining examples, Mr. Davis goes on to consider the subject of graft in general, both "honest" and dishonest. He admits that something ought to be done about it, but the only remedy he is able to suggest is that all of us should be members of organizations of some sort, whether in business or labor or politics, so that we might all take "honest" graft from each other. In the same number of the magazine Katharine Fullerton Gerould discusses "This Vulgarity of Ours"; Percy Marks has his say about "The Pestiferous Alumni"; J. A. Hobson writes "In Praise of Muddling Through"; Nancy Barr Mavity considers "The Wife, the Home and the Job"; Albert J. Nock writes from Munich under the title "Notes of an Emigré"; Harry Emerson Fosdick answers the question "How Shall We Think of God?"; John B. Watson writes on "Memory as the Behaviorist Sees It"; and Edward S. Martin and Harry Hansen conduct their respective departments, "The Editor's Easy Chair" and "Among the New Books." In fiction we have Part I of a story, "Joanna Golden Married," by Sheila Kaye-Smith; "The Two Sapphires," by Frédéric Boutet; "Maudie," by Ada Jack Carver; and "Cramped Style," by Margaret Culkin Banning.

The leading feature of Current History for July is a symposium on "The Church and State Conflict in Mexico." Constantine E. McGuire, who was Secretary of the High Commission of Ministers of Finance of the American Republics from 1915 to 1922, presents "The American Catholic View," while Bishop James Cannon Jr. of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, gives "The American Protestant View." Naturally enough, these two are in complete disagreement as to the relationship between Church and State in Mexico both in the present and in the past. "The Mexican Official View" is stated by Manuel C. Tellez, Mexican Ambassador to the United States; "A Legal Point of View," by Charles A. Frueauff of Frueauff, Robinson & Sloan, attorneys for the Mexican Consulate in New York City, and "A Mexican Educator's View," by Jose Miguel Bejarno, formerly an officer of the Mexican Education Department. Appended to the symposium is the text of the more important religious clauses of the Mexican Constitution. Chester M. Wright in his article, "Mexico's Peaceful Revolution Under Calles," refers briefly to the religious situation without expressing an opinion either for or against the present policy of the Mexican Government. He regards it as solely a Mexican question for which Mexico will probably find a satisfactory solution. Other articles in this issue are "Stanley Baldwin, Great Britain's Prime Minister," by Leonard R. Hulme; "Industrial Welfare Movement Sapping American Trade Unions," by Abraham Epstein; "The World-Wide Problems of Overpopulation," by Edward M. East; "Ellen Key's Ideals of Love and Marriage," by Nancy M. Schoonmaker; "A Nonagenarian Looks at Education," by William W. Folwell, President Emeritus of the University of Minnesota; "A Good Word for Missionaries," by Thomas Jesse Jones; "Italy's Program of Empire," by Howard R. Marraro; "A Vindication of the German General Staff," by Alfred von Wegerer; "Russia's War Spirit Fanned by 'Conversations' With Great Britain," by Friedrich Rosen; "West Point Today," by Robert Ginsburgh, Captain, U. S. A.; "China's Students in the Vanguard of Revolution," by Rudlay Thomas; "Turkey Walks Abreast With the Modern World," by Albert Howe Lybyer; "The Turkish Government's New Civil Code," by Mahmoud Esaad; "The Drama of Pilsudski's Career," by Conrad Clothier Lesley; "Pilsudski's Seizure of Power in Poland," by Clarence H. Dawson; "The Conquest of the North Pole," by Watson Davis.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION.

"Jig Saw." Eden Phillpotts. (Macmillan Company.)

"Listen, Moon!" Leonard Cline. (Viking Press.)

"Inspector French and the Cheyne Mystery." Freeman Wills Crofts. (Thomas Seltzer.)

"Show Boat." Edna Ferber. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris, France." Donald Ogden Stewart. (Harper & Bros.)

"The Mad Busman." I. A. R. Wylie. (George H. Doran Company.)

NON-FICTION.

"Contemporary Thought of Italy." Angelo Crespi. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

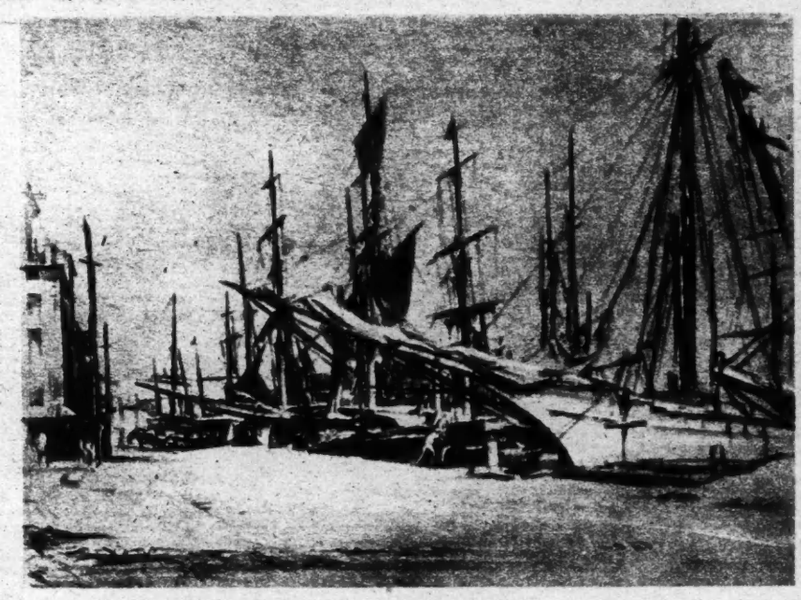
"Contemporary Thought of France." Isaac Benrubi. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

"Naphtali." C. Lewis Hind. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"An Artist's Life in London and Paris, 1870-1925." A. Ludovici. (Minton, Balch & Co.)

"The White Devil's Mate." Lewis Stanton Palen. (Houghton, Mifflin Company.)

"Beyond the Bosphorus." Lady Dorothy Mills. (Little, Brown & Co.)



"Whaling Ships, New Bedford." A Pencil Drawing by Earl Horter.

From "International Studio," July, 1926.

Books and Authors

FROM the University of Chicago comes the announcement that the John Billings Fiske Prize in poetry has been awarded to Sterling North, a member of the class of '29, for his group of related verse entitled "Village Poems." There were fifteen contestants for the prize, but the committee of award, consisting of Professor Robert Morss Lovett, acting head of the English Department; Miss Marianne Moore, associate editor of The Dial, and Llewellyn Jones, literary editor of The Chicago Evening Post, was unanimous in awarding the prize to Mr. North. The poems will appear in the July number of The University Record. This is the sixth annual award of the prize, which was established by Horace Spencer Fiske in memory of his father.

The University of London has in press a book on the United States by Dr. Albert Perry Brigham of Colgate University. The volume is the outgrowth of courses of lectures given by the author at the University of London in 1924 and at Oxford University in 1914, 1922 and 1924.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will begin in the Fall the publication of a series of volumes of source material of American history. The first of these will be a life of Button Gwinnett, signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose autograph brings a higher price than that of any other American. His biographer is Charles Francis Jenkins. The book, which will be published in October, will contain a reproduction of a map of the State of Georgia showing the boundary lines of the original parishes, the now discarded seal of the State designed by Gwinnett, the only likeness in existence of a member of the Gwinnett family and many personal and State documents which have hitherto been inaccessible. The second volume of the series will probably be the letters which cover the Russian period of John Paul Jones's career, edited by Dr. F. A. Golder, who discovered the letters in the Russian archives.

Ben Ray Redman will be represented on the Fall list of G. P. Putnam's Sons by two translations from the French. The first is Guglielmo Ferrero's "Words to the Deaf: An Historian Contemplates His Age," and the second is Emil Bauman's biography of St. Paul, which has created something of a furor in France.

The Druid Press is a new Chicago publishing concern which will make the experiment of publishing books to be sold by yearly subscription, one book to be issued each month. The editions issued to subscribers will be specially printed, de luxe bound, autographed and numbered. Other editions, presumably of less elaborate format, will be placed with the trade after the subscribers have been served. Among the manuscripts now on hand for publication are "The Road to Antioch," a poem by J. U. Nicolson; "Meet Uncle Sam, Father Bull," by P. A. Vaile; "Eleanor of Aquitaine," by Charles B. Reed; "The Golden Flood," the last work of Edgar Saltus (never before published); "World Building," by Roger Pocock, and "Hitherto Uncollected Stories," by Mark Twain. The Druid Press has secured the services of James L. Renshaw, formerly with Pascal Covici.

Anita Loos is in a fair way of making a fortune out of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (Boni & Liveright). Not only is the book a best seller here, but it is being published in England and is to be translated into German and possibly Hungarian. It has already been translated into French, and no doubt publishers from other countries are now forming in line. It has been dramatised and is to be made into a motion picture. And, to cap the climax, it is being offered to the public in the form of a comic strip. All of which would seem to prove, if proof is needed, that gentlemen really do prefer blonds.

The "Siwash" stories of George Fitch, first published ten or fifteen years ago, will appear in a new edition in August. Those who read these uproariously funny college stories when they were first published will have no difficulty in remembering Ole Skjarsen, the mighty football hero, the "Eta Bita Pies," and Petey Simmons. William Allen White has written an introduction to the new edition, which will be in two volumes, "Good Old Siwash" and "Petey Simmons at Siwash." Little, Brown & Co. are the publishers.

Marc Connelly's play, "The Wisdom Tooth," will appear in book form in July with the imprint of the George H. Doran Company.

Lont & Overkamp, publishers, of Paterson, N. J., have just issued a book entitled "Easy Marks," in which the author, Leopold Stern, recounts his wanderings in the United States from 1909 to 1925.

Ethel Colburn Mayne, who translated Marcelle Tinayre's "Madame de Pompadour," published this Spring by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is the translator of Professor Emil Ludvig's interpretation of the ex-Kaiser's character, to be published in the Fall by G. P. Putnam's Sons both here and in England under the title of "William II."

Early in August E. P. Dutton & Co. will bring out a new edition of Winwood Reade's "The Martyrdom of Man," first published in 1872. When it first appeared the book was denounced because of the author's attitude toward religion, but since that time many of his views have come to be generally accepted. The work is a history of the world viewed as a whole or as in the famous "Outline of History," by H. G. Wells. Indeed, Mr. Wells has acknowledged his indebtedness to Reade for the idea.

Thornton Wilder, whose first novel, "The Cabala," was published this Spring by Albert & Charles Boni, has written an American tragedy, "The Trumpet Shall Sound," which is to be produced in the Fall by the American Laboratory Theatre under the direction of Richard Boleslavsky.

For the information of those who are under the impression that the hero of Leroy Scott's tennis novel, "The Trail of Glory," is really Bill Tilden, the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, announce that the book was written quite independently and that Mr. Tilden knew nothing about it until Mr. Scott asked him to write the introduction. That, of course, does not prove that the author did not have Tilden in mind when he sketched his leading character.

Rudyard Kipling has returned from the South of France, where he spent the Winter, bringing with him the manuscript of a new book, "Debits and Credits," which will be published here by Doubleday, Page & Co. sometime in September. It will contain seventeen poems hitherto unpublished in book form and a number of stories. The introductory poem is here printed for the first time in any form. Among the poems included are "The Changelings," "The Vineyard," "Late Came the God" and "The Supports."

Mr. Baldwin Writes a London Best-Seller

LONDON.

WE have lately had the rare event of a book that is not a work of fiction becoming a best-seller, for that distinction has been gained by the Prime Minister's "On England, and Other Addresses. It has run into four editions and is still in demand. As its publishers are constantly asked for copies of the first edition, we may infer that even the bibliophiles have begun to cast eyes on it. Lord Haldane's relaxations take a more severe form, so one could hardly expect so keen a popular appetite for his recent volume on "Human Experience." His interest in philosophical studies has long been well known, but it is a surprise to discover that it is shared by South Africa's foremost lawyer-politician. General Smuts, however, is writing a recondite philosophical treatise, which is likely to prove tough reading for most of his admirers. Lord Oxford's political stock makes little appeal to investors just now, but there will nevertheless be a wide public for his "Fifty Years of Parliament" when it appears in the Fall. It will cover the period from 1868 to 1918, and is intended to be "a contribution to history written to a large extent from first-hand knowledge." The taste of the Asquiths of the next generation runs to a much lighter variety of literature. Lady Cynthia won such success last year by "The Flying Carpet" that she is preparing for next Christmas a composite book of similar type, "The Treasure Ship." It will be laden with an attractive cargo, for Sir James Barrie, Walter de la Mare, A. A. Milne and A. P. Herbert will deposit freight in its hold.

The large sale of the Prime Minister's own book is of good omen for Adam Gowans Whyte's "Stanley Baldwin: A Biographical Character Study," announced for publication within a few days. It will contain several interesting illustrations, including hitherto unpublished photographs of Mr. Baldwin in his early years. Its author is a Glasgow science graduate, who edited a group of engineering journals before going to the central office of the Conservative Party to take charge of its propaganda work. We are also to have some new light on the early life of John Morley, about which little has hitherto been known. A book is being written on the subject by F. W. Hirst, who was closely associated with Morley from the time when he assisted in the laborious researches that had to be undertaken at Hawarden preliminary to the "Life of Gladstone."

***

THE accepted theories of the early history of mankind have frequently shifted, and they will shift once more if the learned world approves the conclusions about to be stated by H. D. Daunt in "The Centre of Ancient Civilization." His interpretations of cuneiform inscriptions and ancient traditions lead him to the conviction that the early empire of Sumer and Accad must be transferred to the Middle East, that the Garden of Eden and the Jerusalem of King David must be located in Manipur and that Moses the Hebrew is to be identified with Sargon and Siva. Orthodox beliefs will be less disturbed by "The Samaritans: Their History, Doctrines and Literature," into which Dr. Moses Gaster has compressed the main results of a lifetime of devoted research, though on many points his verdicts challenge conventional ideas. For instance, he regards the Samaritans as Ephraimites, not as imported settlers, and he holds that there is no trace of pagan influence and no clear case of syncretism to be observed among them. Orientalists will be glad to hear of the completion of the "History of Japan," on which that wandering scholar, the late James Murdoch, spent twenty-three years of arduous labor—a stupendous task for a man who, at the time he undertook it, was an obscure teacher of English at the Kanazawa High School, and had yet to master not only current Japanese, but the archaic variety of the language in which the early records were written. The third and final volume covers the Tokugawa epoch, from 1652 to 1868. Another notable product of untiring research is L. A. Mills's history of "British Malaya" down to the year 1867. "The Changing East," by J. A. Spender, will chronicle the impressions left by a recent visit to India upon the mind of a critical but sympathetic observer. As a publicist possessing an expert knowledge of the working of parliamentary institutions at home, Mr. Spender is especially qualified to discuss the beginnings of representative government in that dependency.

***

THE subject set for next year's Newdigate prize poem at Oxford is "Julia, Daughter of Claudius." This year, for the fourth time only since 1806, the prize was not awarded. . . . H. M. Tomlinson's novel is to be an adventure story of the sea entitled "Galleon's Reach." . . . Arthur Bourchier, the actor-manager, has started writing his reminiscences. . . . Principal L. P. Jacks is to edit for Methuen a long series of monographs generally called "The Faiths" and specifically dealing with various types of Christian belief, from the Orthodox Greek Church to Christian Science. . . . "Sybilla: or the Revival of Prophecy" is to be the next volume in the Today and Tomorrow series. . . . In "Psychoanalysis for Normal People," Geraldine Coster, Principal of Wychwood School, Oxford, has aimed at providing a sane and simple exposition of the doctrine for the use of teachers and nurses. . . . Professor H. W. Garrod's forthcoming volume on "Keats" will be "a sincere, studied and rather angular appreciation of great poetry" with "no ecstasy and no waving of prophetic or mystical flags." . . . Just in time for the tourist season come Sir Charles Oman's fine illustrated volume on the "Castles of England and Wales" and Ian Gordon Lindsay's "Cathedrals of Scotland." . . . The President of the Publishers' Association has proposed the holding of a conference at which authors, publishers and booksellers will discuss questions of common interest. . . . T. P. O'Connor says he has always thought that Dickens died prematurely from overworking in two forms—writing so many books in such rapid succession and doing an excessive amount of walking.

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

Stanley Baldwin.

© *Harris & Ewing.*

A Painter Enters the French Academy

PARIS.

ALBERT BESNARD was received into the French Academy the other day. These occasions are always very well attended, so that a witty Academician has said that the Academy lives primarily on the death of its members, since such losses attract a large number of candidates desirous of replacing the deceased and give the opportunity for brilliant receptions, marked by contests of eloquence. There is no doubt that the public is more interested in the academic candidature, elections and speeches than in the work on the dictionary with which the closed sessions, every Thursday, are occupied.

You may be surprised that M. Albert Besnard should become a member of the French Academy, for he is a painter—a great painter, but not a man of letters. However, he has written a little. He has published two volumes: "L'Homme en rose" (Man in Rose), whose title is the same as that of one of his most famous pictures, and which recounts his impressions of a trip to the Indies (whence he brought the canvas); and "Sous le ciel de Rome" (Under the Skies of Rome), where he gives his memoirs of the time when he was director of the Villa Medicis. But M. Louis Barthou, who made the reception speech, emphasized that, while there was no intention of slighting these two books, it was as a painter that he had been chosen. But, you may object, is there not the Academy of Fine Arts, where painters belong, and of which M. Albert Besnard has long, and rightly, been a member? This was said in Paris also.

***

LOUIS BARTHOU answers this with a theory that is not new, but which he pronounced more dogmatically than any one before him. According to M. Barthou, the French Academy is by no means reserved for men of letters, but should summon to its fold men of prominence in all fields. But this would not be so simple a matter. Why exclude the manufacturer of the most popular make of automobile, or the manager of the largest department store, the president of the jockey club, or the proprietor of the racing stable that has won the Chantilly Derby or the Paris Grand Prize the greatest number of times? And if women could become Academicians, would Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, our tennis champion, have to be elected?

The truth of the matter is that Cardinal de Richelieu founded the French Academy that it might concern itself with the improvement of the language and the purification of taste; and the first Academicians of 1634, charged with this purely literary mission by the Minister of Louis XIII, were all literary men. Later the great nobles, whose qualifications were merely their names and their blood—dukes and peers, marshals, cardinals, high magistrates, statesmen—slipped into the Academy merely because they considered it smart thus to acquire a literary aspect. However, the literary men of the ancient régime were not the losers, for in those days of privileged castes the Academy was the only place where they were the equals of a nobleman, a president of the court, an archbishop, or even a prince of the blood. This academic equality has survived so well, remaining obligatory and inflexible, that all the replies to the reception speeches are prefaced simply by the word "Monsieur," even if the one addressed is a royal highness, a cardinal or the reverend father of a religious order.

***

THE admission of these Academicians whose only deserts are their social or political position is an abuse, however; and today there is no reason for it, for since the revolution of 1789 all French citizens are free and equal in the eyes of the law. There is only one substantial argument in favor of the theory that the French Academy should not be reserved for purely literary personalities: That scientists, artists or even mere political men can bring their science, art or politics into the realm of true literature by writing extraordinary books, accessible to all cultured readers, on their specialty. This was the case with the mathematician d'Alembert, the naturalist Buffon, and, in our day, with Claude Bernard, whose "Introduction to Experimental Medicine" is one of the great books of the nineteenth century; with Marcelin Berthelot, the great chemist, whose "Reply to M. Renan," published in Renan's "Philosophic Dialogues" together with the "Letter to M. Berthelot," does not suffer from this formidable proximity; with Henri Poincaré, whose "Science and Method," "Science and Hypothesis" and "Value of Science" belong to general philosophy and, in certain passages, reach the highest point of intellectual eloquence.

The specialists who excel in their specialty only have their own academies—the four other divisions of l'Institut (Science, Registries, Fine Arts, and Moral and Political Science), not to mention the Academy of Medicine and others whose seat is not in the Palais Mazarin. Men of letters properly speaking—poets, dramatists, critics, and novelists—who have no other academy, have their strongh'd in the French Academy, and should accept only such specialists in other fields as combine a philosophic spirit and literary gifts with their special merits.

However, the election of M. Albert Besnard was entirely proper, thanks to his "Man in Rose" and "Under the Skies of Rome"; and it was quite unnecessary for M. Louis Barthou to invoke a paradoxical thesis, opposed to the interests of letters, in his behalf. PAUL SOUDAY.

Two Novels From Post-War Austria

TRAUMNOVELLE (Dreams). By Arthur Schnitzler. Berlin: S. Fischer.

DER WEG NACH EMMAUS (The Road to Emmaus). A novel by Robert Hohlbaum. Leipsic: L. Staackmann.

BERLIN.

WHEN the name of Arthur Schnitzler is mentioned at literary discussions it occasionally happens that some one says: "Yes—Schnitzler. * * * I used to be exceedingly fond of him, but since the war—I don't know just why, but I can't read him any more. * * *"

Is it the author or the reader who is to blame for the failure of the old impression to repeat itself? The author has not changed—his artistry in describing the erotic regions of the soul has matured to the highest point of refinement. His style, his uncommonly polished style, retains its old magic; its lucidity is never matter-of-fact — the beautifully formed words float about the mysteries of love as delicate suggestions that never become explanations. Schnitzler is never concerned with anything except the seduction of the heart and of the senses. The sixty-year-old author wrote a play not long ago, "Die Komödie der Verführungen" (The Comedy of Seduction); and while it is not his best work, none the less it is a very characteristic example of his art, still on the scent of odd adventures among the shimmering park lawns and the dark little streets of old Vienna, among crumbling baroque houses.

Let us admit it: We readers of days gone by have grown older—our hearts no longer thrill when the Viennese physician of "Dreams" is entangled in the sweetest of dangers one magic night. Instead, we smile a little. We find the hero's erotic dreams insignificant in comparison to the upheavals that have convulsed the world, and whose echo, however faint, we should like to recognize in the soul of the author.

Poets have their orbits, fixed by higher powers, and from which they cannot swerve however they may wish it.

***

ONCE we have reconciled ourselves to this fact we will realize that Schnitzler's latest story is one of the most beautiful gifts of his muse. The borderland between illusion and reality is wrapped in shadow so artistically that we never know exactly whether Dr. Fridolin actually experienced the fantastic happenings of that night, when his senses were still pulsing from the unaccustomed excitement of the carnival, or whether the visions he sees are merely the figments of his yearnings. None of his adventures reach their consummation—and this is usual in dreams, whose tempting gifts evaporate into thin air at the moment when the dreamer wants to grasp them.

They have taken Fridolin out of his peaceful and happy domestic circle, into remote and unknown regions.

His wife's soul senses this displacement, feels it as an oppressing nightmare. Her dreams are full of hatred and vindictiveness against the man she has always loved; in her dreams she watches his terrible death with delight, while vague desires draw her toward other men. When, horrified, she confesses to Fridolin these subconscious wanderings of the depths of her soul, he believes that there is more truth in them than in the loving wife she is by day. He fights the temptation to leave his life's companion actually, because of her cruelty in her dreams. But as he strays through the enchanted night he is finally brought close to the fearful realities of life and death. And this brings him back to himself—he weeps beside the bed of his lovingly understanding wife until he regains the health of his active and chaste life. The author's message is: Dreams are not merely dreams, and reality never is entirely true. Not only as a poet, but as a psychologist as well, he knows the chasms that yawn before our level roads, where the unsuspecting pilgrim suddenly falls to destruction.

***

ROBERT HOHLBAUM, a young and promising Austrian author, stands out in marked contrast to Schnitzler. He is so entirely, so amazingly different, that one wonders how Austria could produce him, how such a writer could come from the literary Austria which we know and love—which we love for its delicate, polished culture, for its extreme refinement, for its gentle and aristocratic manner, and for its morbidly toned-down colors. The Austria of Hugo von Hofmannstal, Rilke and many others of their kind.

In comparison to these Robert Hohlbaum is a young savage. He does not even remotely approach their artistic perfection. But in one essential point he has the advantage over the older masters: In his vigorous, robust virility. With great power he seizes the crudest note of the worst times of German decline and models his figures with forceful touch. The weary tolerance of the old generation is far from him. He has faith in the regeneration of Germany, and dedicates his work to it. This is the new point of view, found also in another Austrian poet, in Albert Trentini. They no longer feel that they are segregate, they no longer consider themselves mere Austrians, but feel that they are "German." And they want to devote all their strength to helping the German spirit in its resurrection.

Yes, Hohlbaum says with every word he writes, Germany has more than once gone through times of fearful moral ruin. But finally there always came the redeemer who raised the nation again.

This is the content of Robert Hohlbaum's largely conceived trilogy, the first volume of which, "Die Deutsche Passion" (The German Passion), deals with the Thirty Years' War and its devastation. The second volume, "The Road to Emmaus," was given second prize in a contest judged by our most eminent authors. The book is courageously written. The action takes place in the royal court and among the students of the middle of the eighteenth century. Hohlbaum describes with grim humor the wretched crudity, the silly foppery of those days, using the affected language of the time, loaded down with foreign words. But later, when the redeemers come to the fore—Bach, the great musician, Klopstock, the first pure German poet, who sings the praises of God and not of man—to what splendidly flowing melody Hohlbaum's style then rises! The third volume, which will appear in the near future, is to glorify the time of Weimar. We may await it with great interest.

GABRIELE REUTER.

Notes on Rare Books

A BRIEF description of Sir Henry Clinton's Papers has just been issued by the Clements' Library (Bulletin 14), in which institution this great series of documents has been deposited. This is "The Headquarters Papers of the British Army in North America During the War of the American Revolution," described by Mr. Randolph G. Adams. It offers a preliminary survey of a collection which contains 12,000 separate documents and about 400 MSS. It is pointed out in the foreword—what will be obvious to any student—that not for many years will it be possible to obtain a complete analysis of this vast aggregation.

The documents begin at Lexington and continue through to Yorktown. Sir Henry Clinton had been in America from the beginning of the War of Independence and from 1778 to 1782 he was Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in North America. Obviously the papers emanating from his orderly room and received by him are the very root of historical information for the period with which they deal. One of the first papers, for instance, which came to light when the packages were being opened was an unpublished MS. account of the battles of Lexington and Concord, written by Lieutenant William Sutherland, who accompanies the British forces on that raid of April 19, 1775, which ended so disastrously for the raiders. From these episodes the papers go on in historical sequence until the time when Cornwallis wrote his official dispatch to Clinton announcing his surrender at Yorktown.

***

A DRAMA of perennial interest lies in these papers, and is unfolded through this ably written account by Mr. Adams. We think we shall best serve the purpose of this report by quotations from Mr. Adams's summary, remarking, in passing, that we envy him the opportunity of examining and classifying so thrilling a collection of source material and original historical MSS. What appears to be the most fascinating phase of his work will be the investigation of masked messages, the interpretation of cryptic dispatches and the coordination of all this material with historical fact.

The Saratoga campaign has been ranked by Sir Edward Creasy among the fifteen decisive conflicts of the world. There is the correspondence between General Burgoyne and Sir Henry Clinton during that eventful Summer of 1777, including masked dispatches with the masks, returns of the British and German troops captured by the Americans, copies of the Articles of Capitulation which were sent to the British headquarters in New York and other official papers. Here are Sir Henry's letters explaining that he could not leave New York to come to Burgoyne's rescue, because Sir William Howe had gone on his Philadelphia campaign and had taken most of the troops with him.

During the years 1770 and 1780 the papers in the British headquarters were to a large extent under the supervision of Major John André, Clinton's Adjutant General. Probably no part of the Clinton papers will in the future offer more fascinating opportunities for research. Not only is there a great mass of official correspondence—of "military intelligence"—but there are André's "Journal of Intelligence" and many letters and papers of a private, or only semi-official, nature. The details of the conduct of British military operations can now be examined as never before.

Few episodes in the Revolution are quite so tragic, from every point of view, as the treason of Benedict Arnold, and the resulting execution of Major André. It is interesting to reflect that Americans have been discussing the Arnold plot for nearly a century and a half, yet have never been in possession of all of Arnold's correspondence with the British headquarters, which was, after all, the centre of the whole story. This is typical of the contribution the Clinton papers will inevitably make to our historical knowledge. There are dozens and dozens of the cipher dispatches which passed between the traitor and the British commander in 1779 and 1780. Early in the correspondence Arnold is discovered not only plotting to surrender West Point, but selling military information about the movements of the American Army and the destination of the French fleet with its reinforcements.

***

MONEY was what Arnold principally desired to obtain. "If I point out a plan by which Sir Henry Clinton shall possess himself of West Point, its garrison, stores, artillery, &c., I want twenty thousand pounds sterling. I think it will be a cheap purchase for an object of so much importance." Since the British did not respond to his demands promptly enough, Arnold in the next cipher dispatch stated. "I expect to have your promise that I shall be indemnified for any loss I may sustain in case of detection, whether the contest is finished by the sword or by treaty and that ten thousand pounds shall engage for my services." Twenty thousand pounds if he succeeded and half that amount if he failed.

The forms of cipher used were simple but ingenious. The method most commonly employed for these secret communications was one in which books were the basis of the code. Both Arnold and André would make use of copies of the same book. Dispatches would then pass back and forth, in which each word would be composed of three numbers, representing the page, line and number of the word in the line, in the volume agreed upon. The messages would consist of page after page of these numbers. Fortunately the archives contain a notation, not only of the system, but also of the books used. For example, at one time the fifth Oxford edition of Blackstone's "Commentaries" was so employed.

Not the least interesting section of the Clinton papers is that devoted to intercepted dispatches. Besides the letter from Washington to Lafayette [referred to in another place] there are dozens of others equally important, including nine long autograph letters signed by the American Commander-in-Chief which have never been published. In addition there are letters from Greene, Steuben, James Clinton, Alexander Hamilton, Horatio Gates, Charles Lee, Israel Putnam, Count Rochambeau, Chevalier Chastellux, Marquis de Lafayette and others.

Besides the manuscripts there were found in the Clinton papers some of the rarest of the printed maps of North America of the eighteenth century. Chief among these are two sections of the Bernard Romans map of Florida (1774). Up to the discovery of these sections the only known copy of the Romans map has been that in the Library of Congress. The Moses Park map of Connecticut (1766) and the William Price map of Boston (1789) are likewise items of no uncommon interest.

Finally it should be remembered that the Headquarters Papers are a great deal more than mere "army paper work." There are thousands of detailed letters, personal as well as official, in which there is descriptive and narrative material in great abundance.

Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 7)

Doña Raquel exhibits uncanny prescience of the movements of Philip and Inspector Sims and Wells. Her financial agent and unavowed admirer, Esteban Lazaro, has secrets of hypnotic power as well as knowledge of strange drugs. He can cast Maya into such a spell that she will reveal to him the whereabouts of persons in whom he is interested, as well as the nature of their hidden thoughts. That seems rather an anti-social accomplishment. Things are at a stalemate, when Esteban kidnaps Philip and carries him off in a high-powered airplane. The schemers are soon on their way in a yacht to Mexico.

Inspector Sims and Wells and Major Clare follow in a steam yacht. The last scene is in a secret chamber of the ruined pyramid, near the extinct volcano, Popocatapetl, which was erected by the Toltecs for the worship of Quetzalcoatl. Mysterious rites and startling admissions are unfolded before a huge silver statue of the god, while Wells and Sims and Clare lurk in the darkness near by. Maya's love for Philip has broken the evil power of Esteban, and he can no longer use her as a spiritual spyglass, so to speak.

AMATEUR SLEUTHING

THE HAUNTING HAND. By W. Adolphe Roberts. 309 pp. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.

IN "The Hauting Hand" W. Adolphe Roberts has written a mystery novel that is sorely lacking in plot interest and entirely devoid of characterization. It is too hackneyed and stupid to be even the least bit impressive. The book is poorly written, loosely constructed, and padded through 309 pages with silly dialogue and characters that are never for a moment anything more than animated puppets doing the author's bidding.

They are, undoubtedly, the most wearisome individuals the present reviewer has encountered in recent mystery fiction. In particular, the heroine, Margot Anstruther, is the worst offender. So great is her egotism that she instantly marvels whenever any of the other characters display the slightest sign of intelligence. What is more, she solves the mystery without any apparent effort at all.

There is nothing ingenious in the development of the action, which, as it is unfolded, steadily wanes in its appeal and taxes the patience of the reader. The dénouement is not one whit convincing although it really is amusing, more so than most of the situations and dialogue throughout the yarn, which, the reader will find, are amusing enough.

After a party, which she has given for the members of the cast of "A Toreador's Love," Margot Anstruther, film actress, and former medical student, discovers a small, thin hand and forearm reaching out from under her bed and crushing the burning end of a match she has dropped. Previous to this incident the newspapers have reported the theft of a fraction of a gram of radium from the Fellowe Institute. This is followed later by the disappearance of a girl, Stella Ball, who was then occupying Margot's room. On the same day of Stella's disappearance, an elderly man named Murchison, who had a garret room on the top floor of the same rooming house, also disappears. In addition, Frederick Stoner, director of "A Toreador's Love," aroused in Margot "a vague sense of mystery with his strange pale eyes from the first moment when she had given him her name and address" on applying for the position with the Superfilm Company.

Margot, whose favorite in detective fiction is Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, and who admits she has a detective sort of mind, pieces together these incidents, which give every indication of having been made of something left over from all the other mystery plots ever devised, and solves the problem of the haunting hand, the radium theft and the strange pale eyes of Stoner, in an altogether boring and unimpressive manner.

Immense Brazil

(Continued from Page 1)

no hard-surface road there," says the author. "In the less settled parts only the bullock car can move." Bahia, three times the size of England, with a population of 3,500,000, is still badly off for roads. In the whole of the Amazon Basin the only good road known to him is the seventy-mile stretch between Macapa and the Rio Araguary.

With the author you travel through most of the States of Brazil, and, as he has done, in a leisurely way. You tarry a while on the great plantations, and you penetrate the forests. You survey methods of cultivation, you count the crops, you estimate the yield of wild rubber; herds, flocks and droves move before you. There are tables of products, quantity and value in milreis. The facts, none too complimentary, about education, are frankly stated. When Secretary Root walked down the gang plank at São Salvador he was setting foot in a State 87 per cent. of whose children had no primary school to go to. Mr. Nash is inclined to believe that the illiteracy of Brazil is a survival of the philosophy of slavery, "the sincere belief that lots of land and cheap labor is a profitable economic system." And there is this generalization: "Approach the quantity aspect of Brazilian education from what angle you like it must be stamped 'I and C,' as we used to say in the army, 'Inspected and Condemned.' " But he testifies that "the best schools of the cities of Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo measure up to high European standards."

To booksellers and their patrons who have had difficulty in securing copies of WILL DURANT'S

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY:-

¶ The reviews below, and many more like them, have exhausted the supply of copies far sooner than had been anticipated. Meanwhile, new editions are being made as fast as is consistent with good book printing and good binding.*

¶ "Enviable collegians who will have this volume as a text book! Though, can it be that it is too good, too bright and clear for a text book? It takes the place of lecturer and notebook and text book too. But Dr. Durant's book is not a document, save for its rigorous accuracy. For the rest it is a delight, for he humanizes philosophy, to our great joy and delight." —*New York Times.*

¶ "A week with The Story of Philosophy is easily worth a year with an ordinary professor of philosophy."—STUART P. SHERMAN, *in The New York Herald-Tribune.*

¶ "Here is a book to delight the heart. It is written with love and understanding and with a persuasive clarity rarely equalled." —ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, *in The Saturday Review of Literature.*

¶ "It is a magnificent book. Reading it has given me a unique experience. It is the only book on philosophy I have ever been able to read from cover to cover without getting mad or tired. — GEORGE A. DORSEY, Author of *Why We Behave Like Human Beings.*

*First edition—*May*—Sold out
**Second edition—*June*—Sold out
***Third edition—*June*—Sold out
****Fourth edition—*June*—Sold out
*****Fifth edition—*July*—Largest printing of all

¶ Octavo, 577 Pages, $5.00 at all bookstores
Published by SIMON AND SCHUSTER, *New York*

Roosevelt as a Companion Rancher Knew Him

Ranching WITH Roosevelt

By LINCOLN A. LANG

With 24 Illustrations

An epic of cowboy life in the Bad Lands. It pictures Roosevelt as one of the old-timers knew him—a spectacled young man whom no fractious yearling and no variety of bucking could daunt. It's the most fascinating phase of his life, in the Old West of roping, roundups and "hell raising," of the simon-pure Dakota cowboy in action. Seasoned with pioneer wit, fired with the daredevil courage of the range, here's a book every Rooseveltian will be "dee-lighted" to own.

$4.00 At All Bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

Quite utterly delicious!
—*Boston Transcript.*

PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY

By John Erskine

Bobbs Merrill Books

By C. E. SCOGGINS

The RED GODS CALL

A romance of the far horizon and the call of youth—of savage jungles, strange mountains, ancient trails—of quick danger and hot conflict—of a Spanish girl singing a deathless song. A glamorous, glorious tale spun by a born teller of stories. $2.00

Miss Tiverton Goes Out

Such a combination of delicacy, frankness, fantasy, truth, pathos, humor and wisdom as appears in this thoughtful and charming story is a gift of the gods.—*Elsie S. Alexander in N. Y. Evening Post.* $2.50

By GEORGE CHALLIS

The SPENDID RASCAL

A tale of pirates bold and treasure ships, of fight and fury and high adventure, the like of which hasn't appeared in a blue moon. $2.50

By MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

Elizabeth's Tower

The romance of a girl of sublime courage, to whom come the weak and the broken for strength and inspiration. A book to restore your love of life. $2.00

By ELISABETH FINLEY THOMAS

Rendezvous

Here is a delightful love of color and form, a steady perception of the objects of life as pronounced as that of the French. Here is an eye sensitive to beauty, emotion genuinely felt.—*New York Herald-Tribune.* $2.00

By EARL DERR BIGGERS
Author of
Seven Keys to Baldpate

"50" Candles

A skyrocketing mystery that flashes to a climax and stops without a sputter. $2.00

By HUGH PENDEXTER
Author of *Pay Gravel*

Harry Idaho

Stirring situations, hair breadth escapes, gun play abound. The tale never halts. It holds the interest to the very end. —*N. Y. Post.* $2.00

The Bobbs-Merrill Company
Publishers - - Indianapolis

Books in Brief Review.

SOCIAL PROGRESS

MAKERS OF FREEDOM: Biographical Studies in Social Progress. By Kirby Page and Sherwood Eddy. 311 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

ON the title page of this book, and vitally significant of its contents, is quoted the remark of the Roman officer to the apostle, Paul: "With a great price obtained I this freedom." The purpose of the two authors is to show at what a tremendous price, paid by the labors and sufferings and sacrifices of individuals, mankind has gained such freedom as it now possesses. Seemingly they wanted to allow how precious that freedom is, since it has been secured by such "sweat and tears, bloodshed and boundless sacrifice," and so they hit upon the plan of describing the lives and labors, visions and achievements of eight men and women who stand out prominently in as many phases of the struggle. They frankly admit in their foreword that many others might have been included, some of whom, perhaps, would be even more widely known than these. But there were, of course, restrictions of space, and they desired, it appears, to present the purchase of freedom by individual struggle in different phases and in diverse places and ages. And so they have chosen to tell how freedom from slavery was gained at a great price by William Lloyd Garrison, freedom from ignorance and poverty by Booker T. Washington, freedom from materialism by Francis of Assisi, freedom from ecclesiastical bondage by Martin Luther, freedom from moral and spiritual insensibility by John Wesley, freedom from social injustice by J. Keir Hardie, freedom from man's domination by Susan B. Anthony, freedom from international anarchy by Woodrow Wilson.

Treating each of these as a pioneer of social progress, the authors narrate and interpret each biography in the light of that person's vision of and contribution to mankind's march toward freedom. Their method, a very admirable one and ably worked out, is first to present the subject's figure against the background of his own time, thus concentrating the reader's attention upon a strongly outlined sketch of the evils which he sought to remedy. Then they take up the purpose which animated him, the action and the speech with which he battled for his vision and against the evils he abhorred, and inquire into and interpret his character. Afterward they consider what the world did to him, how it received his message, what recompense it gave him for his appalling toils and sacrifices in its behalf—a recompense of singular sameness of derision, persecution and hate. But when they turn to the results of his life and labors it is found that the world holds his memory and achievements in such regard as to make at least partial amends for its treatment of him in the flesh.

But Sherwood Eddy and Kirby Page would hardly undertake this task of interpretive account of the "age-long effort to achieve liberty" if they had not the desire and purpose of making it illumine the conditions of today and helpful in the buying, still at the same old "great price," of other phases of freedom. Liberty, they say, has not yet been fully achieved, and so they have included a long section on "The Present Struggle for Freedom" wherein they have "sought to analyze some prevailing attitudes, practices and institutions which are now enslaving mankind, and have faced the question as to what an individual can do to make more effective the present crusade for the complete emancipation of the human spirit." Here they list and discuss five kinds of danger, economic, international, racial, political and moral, to the present-day world, with especial reference always to our own country.

How much depends on the point of view is once more emphasized by the inclusion in these matters of some mooted questions on which large numbers of people in embattled array are fighting tooth and nail for the freedom of the individual to, for instance, buy any sort of potable of any degree of alcoholic content whenever he wants it, or to deal with any subject as freely as he likes in fiction or drama or any form of literature or print. But the authors can point to a similar diversity of viewpoint and similar embattled arrays in every one of the crusades of which they write, and they can find encouragement in what happened to them. And it must be said in their favor that they make an eloquent and impressive indictment of present-day conditions in every one of their five counts. They realize, they say, how many and important are the favorable aspects of our national life and they do not deny that there is a substantial basis for optimism now and in the future.

LINGUISTIC PURITY

THE STANDARD OF AMERICAN SPEECH AND OTHER PAPERS. By Fred Newton Scott. 345 pp. New York: Allyn & Bacon.

THE two dozen papers that comprise the contents of this volume have either been read before scientific or educational associations or published in periodicals interested in their work. Some of them are of fairly recent date, but many had their origin fifteen or twenty years ago. The fact that so many of them are in their teens, however, should not discourage any reader attracted by their themes, for he will find them all worth attention. The author, who is Professor of Rhetoric and Journalism in the University of Michigan, not only has easy command of his subject—all the papers are concerned with some phase of the spoken or written use of the English language—and its implications and connotations, but he has also unconventional ideas, pungent methods of expression and a sturdy conviction that there is a very real and fundamental importance in linguistically good speech. Again and again in the different papers he stresses the ethical value of the use of what he understands as good English. But he is not academic in that conception. Good thoughts, right feelings, sincerity, a harmonious soul, and flexible, pleasantly used vocal organs are, he thinks, among its fundamentals. "The best American speech of any period," he says, "will be that which, with least strain or affectation or waste of effort, gives adequate expression to the best that is in the American character."

In one paper, on "Poetry in a Commercial Age," Professor Scott dwells on the value of poetical expression for emotional discipline and in rightly estimating the world in which we live. He thinks we can gain "a truer picture of the relations of capital and labor from Shakespeare than from Karl Marx" and insists that he would rather "entrust the solution of this problem to one who had been brought up on the great poets than to one who had been trained only in the fields of business and economics."

There is a considerable variety of theme in the two dozen papers, although they are all closely related. One on "Verbal Taboos" will delight the hearts of those people who resent being told they should not use some cherished expression because it is disliked by some person who sets himself up as an authority. Several are rather technical and will appeal especially to deeply searching students of language. But for the most part the book offers to the general reader interested in language stimulating comment and discussion, evidently the outcome of the author's profound convictions.

READING

READING: A VICE OR A VIRTUE? Notes and Adaptations by Theodore Wesley Koch. Preface by Walter Dill Scott. Illustrated. 61 pp. Evanston and Chicago: Northwestern University.

MANY are they, and of many varieties, who do more reading than thinking, and if they want to learn just what kind of a vice they are thus guilty of they can read this little paper-backed brochure. Therein they will discover not only what a detestable vice reading without thought becomes, but also how great a virtue and how satisfactory a pleasure is reading in the right way. The greater part of the text Mr. Koch has ingeniously woven together from strands taken from the writings of a great number of famous authors and lovers of reading, linking them into a connected whole by means of comments and interpretations. One section summarizes rather fully a pungent essay on the vice of reading by the French writer, M. Valéry Larbaud, and another makes a résume of the important parts of an address by the late Dr. Carl Hilty on the organization of one's reading for the achievement of definite results. Mr. Koch adds that while this address is well known in Germany it has never been translated into English. Among the great number of authors from whom he quotes are George Brandes, Stevenson, Schopenhauer, Voltaire, Emile Faguet, Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy, Roosevelt, H. G. Wells, Rebecca West, and many others. And sprinkled all through are wise comment and simply stated truth of his own, as this, for instance:

Of course, reading in itself is not a virtue. There is no particular merit in reading a lot of books. Some books only tend to vulgarize the taste. Many can add nothing to one's mental stature. They do not stimulate thought. The mind can be virtually drugged by reading, by overdoses of trashy fiction, by too constant poring over miscellaneous popular periodicals and newspapers.

The preface by the President of Northwestern University, Walter Dill Scott, expounds in pleasant style the importance of the library in university and community life. In a four-page postscript the American Library Association "invites the American people to a consideration of the service which libraries are now rendering and to the possibilities of greater service as larger financial means become available for their work." The association recommends to people of means the consideration of how important and beneficent is the giving of endowment or trust funds to libraries, whether university, State, county or municipal, and instances a number of such gifts. The illustrations comprise fifteen reproductions from etchings, paintings, wood blocks, drawings and sketches. The booklet is artistically made and is so attractive and interesting that it would be a charming gift, of the small and casual sort, for a book-loving friend who is going on a journey, or having a birthday, or remembering a date.

MODERN ORATORY

MODERN SPEECHES. Compiled by Homer D. Lindgren. 506 pp. New York: F. S. Crofts & Co.

IN making this compilation of over sixty speeches Professor Lindgren of the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, New York University, has had in mind especially the needs of college students who are studying the art of public speaking, but the work is intended also for the use of the general reader interested in modern oratory. The sixty and more speeches, made by almost as many well known men, the most of whom, although not quite all, are Americans, cover a very great variety of subjects. All have been delivered during the last half dozen years and so the collection illustrates the modern spirit of oratory and modern methods of appealing to an audience. They are classified in four divisions, which include written papers read to an audience interested in a particular subject; written papers deriving their interest partly from the fact that they were delivered by a famous personality; speeches that combine complete rhetorical preparation with appeal to the audience; speeches that are clearly in touch with the audience throughout and so are distinguished from the essay type of speech. Each address is prefaced by a note of information concerning the speaker and the occasion.

FATHERS of the REVOLUTION

By Philip Guedalla

Author of "The Second Empire"

A portfolio of twelve portraits from the history of the American Revolution. "He exhibits them with an amazing frankness. . . . Extraordinarily appealing to readers of this age who are intensely curious about personalities."—*New York Times.*
Illustrated, $3.50

William Beebe's

account of his expedition to the Sargasso Sea

The Arcturus Adventure

Harry Hansen, *in the New York World, says:*

"You want to get up on your toes and give a lusty yell. For nobody has ever written about birds and fish and wild animal life on deserted islands as Beebe has. You get the impression on every page, that it anticipates a rollicking adventure of your own in strange lands and waters."

A superb book. 64 illustrations. $6.00

For Sale by All Booksellers or at the Putnam Store, 2 West 45th Street.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York London

To Be Published Next Friday, July 9th

John Galsworthy's
New Novel
THE SILVER SPOON

A story of present-day London
$2.00 at all bookstores — Scribners

HAPPINESS - BUSINESS - HEALTH
THE RIGHT TO BE WELL
by LEWIS C. STRANG
10¢ *Introductory Price ten cents prepaid.* 10¢
ROLAND PUBLISHING CO.
NEW YORK CITY

Jesus Christ
Was His Father God or Man?

Fundamentalists and Modernists are as far apart as the two poles on this vital point of Christianity, which is treated in a unique manner in

The Virgin Birth
By
Martin J. Scott, S. J.
At all Bookstores *$2.00*

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, Publishers
44 Barclay Street, New York

Latest Books

History and Biography

MACEDONIA, THRACE AND ILLYRIA. By Stanley Casson. 8vo. New York: Oxford University Press. $7.

A study of the relations between ancient Greece and its Continental hinterland.

UNDER THE ROSE. By Anatole France 8vo. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co $2.50.

A series of dialogues in which Anatole France presents his intimate ideas on nearly everything.

The American Panorama

by Thames Williamson

The First Two Volumes are:

Gypsy Down the Lane

Sheer Beauty.—Boston Herald.

Run Sheep Run

Bold and Brilliant.—New York Times.

Each $2.50

Small, Maynard and Company Publishers—Boston

The Author of "Ann's an Idiot" scores again with a brilliant love story.

ASHES of DESIRE by Pamela Wynne

"It is really more exciting than Ann's an Idiot." ($2.00).

Macaulay PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

GOODSPEED'S BOOK-SHOP

All the Rich and Distinctive Appearance of Die Engraving (Not Printed)

Your name and address embossed on 100 folded sheets and 100 envelopes

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED 2 OR MONEY REFUNDED

PAPER: Bisque, Pearl, Orchid, Blue, White. INKS: Blue, Black, Brown, Jade Green, Purple, Gold or Silver (10% extra). Order by mail, send check, money order or currency. West of Miss. 10% extra.

Wallace Brown, Inc. 333 Fifth Ave. New York

Genealogy: If interested in your family History, our priced Catalogue listing nearly 5000 genealogical books for sale by us will be mailed to you for 10c. in stamps. GOODSPEED'S BOOK-SHOP 9a Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

"A vivid portrayal of life on this planet."

THE CHAIN OF LIFE

By Lucretia Perry Osborn

$3.00 at bookstores Scribners

Dr. William Durant

Author of the Story of Philosophy

will lecture twice weekly this Summer at

Camp Greater Utopia, Lackawaxen, Pa.

First Lecture Saturday, July 3rd

Write for Booklet.

JAMES, FIRST EARL STANHOPE AND BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY, 1673-1721. By P. L. Edwards. 12mo. London, England: Wallace Gandy.

A study of British foreign policy in its formative periods.

THE BEST LETTERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By J. G. De Roulhac Hamilton. 12mo. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. $2.

A selection from Jefferson's correspondence.

THE SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By M. Rostovtseff. 8vo. New York. Oxford University Press. $15.

A monumental tome by a famous scholar.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ANATOLE FRANCE. By Nicholas Segur. 8vo. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50

More Anatoliana by one of his friends.

CHARLES BULLER AND RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT. By E. M. Wrong. 8vo. New York: Oxford University Press. $5.

Life of an English radical politician in the middle of the last century.

Literature and Essays

MAIN CURRENTS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Percy Hazen Houston. 12mo New York: W. R. Crofts & Co. $2.

A brief literary history of the English people.

LAY THOUGHTS OF A DEAN. By William Ralph Inge. 8vo. New York: The Knickerbocker Press. $2.50.

More meditations by the "Gloomy Dean."

THE PRELUDE OR GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND. By William Wordsworth. 8vo. New York: Oxford University Press. $8.50.

Edited from the manuscripts, with introduction, textual and critical notes by Ernest De Selincourt.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ESSAYS. Edited by Jacob Zeitlin. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

From Bacon to Clarendon.

Poetry, Drama and Art.

SATIRICAL POEMS. By William Mason. 8vo. New York: Oxford University Press. $14.

An interesting reprint of eighteenth century satirical verses.

NEGRO WORKADAY SONGS. By Howard W. Odum, Guy B. Johnson. 8vo. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.

Songs of the Southern negro.

HIMALAYA. By Nicholas Roerich. Folio. New York: Brentano's. $40.

Articles by Francis R. R. Grant, Mary Siegrist, George Grebenstchikoff and Ivan Norodny, with twenty-four color plates and seventy-eight halftones.

Philosophy and Religion

FEALY'S LOG BOOK. By L. A. Fealy. 12mo. Birmingham, Ala.: The Altrurian Society. $1.50.

An inspirational book.

STUDIES OF THE MIND OF JESUS. By Hugh Gordon Ross. 12mo. Pittsfield, Mass.: Eagle Printing and Binding Company.

Some religious lectures.

THE UNFATHOMABLE CHRIST. By Frederick F. Shannon. 12mo. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50.

A collection of sermons.

CHINESE CULTURE AND CHRISTIANITY. By James Livingstone Stewart. 8vo. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $2.50.

A review of Chinese religions in their relation to Christianity.

Travel and Description

IN SUNNY NIGERIA. By Albert D. Helser. 12mo. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50.

A survey of the primitive people in the interior of North Central Africa.

A STUDENT IN SICILY. By Mrs. Nevill Jackson. 12mo. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co. $4.

A sketch book of Sicilian folk life.

SAN SEBASTIAN. Pamphlet. New York: International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation.

Another travel pamphlet.

SANTANDER. Anonymous. Pamphlet. New York: International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation.

A pamphlet describing a Spanish City.

Fiction

THE SPLENDOUR OF ASIA. By L. Adams Beck. 12mo. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

The story and teaching of Buddha.

THE LOST PEARL. By Francis D. Grierson. 12mo. New York: Edward J. Clode, Inc.

A detective story.

WHAT HAPPENS? By John Herrmann. Pamphlet. Paris: Contact Editions.

A materialistic novel.

WINNOWED WISDOM. By Stephen Leacock. 12mo. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

Another book by the Canadian Mark Twain.

THE WONDERING MOON. By George Weston. 12mo. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

The story of a modern cave girl.

THE HAPPY ISLANDS. By Marlow A. Shaw. 12mo. Toronto, Canada: McClelland & Stewart. $2.

Stories and sketches of the Georgian Bay.

PLAIN TALES OF THE NORTH. By Captain Thierry Mallet. 8vo. New York: The Knickerbocker Press.

Romance of the Far North as captured by the President of a firm of furriers.

ANTON REISER. By Carl Philipp Moritz. 12mo. New York: Oxford University Press. 90 cents.

A psychological German novel translated by P. E. Matheson.

TOMORROW'S TANGLE. By Margaret Pedler. 12mo. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

A story of love and danger.

MEN CALL IT LOVE. By Inez Sebastian. 12mo. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.

A story of a New York marriage.

New Editions

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

A new edition. Illustrated by H. J. Ford.

GAMES AND DANCES. By William A. Stecher. 8vo. Philadelphia, Pa.: John Joseph McVey. $2.

A selected collection of games, song-games and dances, suitable for schools, playgrounds, gymnastic associations, boys' and girls' clubs, &c. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged.

Textbooks

TEXAS FLAG PRIMER. By Karle Wilson Baker. 12mo. New York: World Book Co. 12 cents.

A textbook for Texas school children.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL PHILOSOPHY. By Horatio W. Dresser. 8vo. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.60.

A practical textbook of philosophy.

ELEMENTS OF INDUSTRIAL CHEMISTRY. By Allen Rogers. 12mo. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co., 8 Warren St. $4.50.

A textbook.

Juvenile

EVERY DAY DOINGS AT HOME. By Emma Serl. 12mo. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

The story of a family of squirrels, for very young children.

Science and Psychology

THE MIND OF THE MILLIONAIRE. By Albert W. Atwood. 12mo. New York. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York. $2.50.

Psychology and motives of the very rich.

TRANSPORT AVIATION. By Archibald Black. 8vo. New York: Simmons-Boardman. $3.

A survey of commercial aviation.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. By Geraldin Coster. 12mo. New York. Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

A booklet presenting the elements of psycho-analysis.

Economics

MEN AND RUBBER. By Harvey S. Firestone. 8vo. New York. Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.50

High class publicity on the rubber industry.

SALESMEN IN MARKETING STRATEGY. By Lawrett S. Lyon. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A textbook of the economics of salesmanship.

STATE CAPITALISM IN RUSSIA. By Savel Zimand; 12mo. New York: Foreign Policy Association. 50 cents.

The Soviet economic system in operation. 1917-1926.

Politics

THE SURVIVAL OF THE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLE. By Perry Belmont. 8vo. New York: The Knickerbocker Press. $2.50.

A study of American political principles since the Civil War.

THE PROBLEM OF INDIA. By B. Shiva Rao and D. Graham Pole. 12mo. New York: The People's Institute. $1.

A booklet on India and the British.

Pamphlets

"HELLO, BILL." By William Maxwell Goodhue. Pamphlet. New York: Samuel French. 50 cents.

Farcical comedy in three acts.

READING: A VICE OR A VIRTUE? By Theodore Wesley Koch. Pamphlet. Chicago, Ill.: Northwestern University.

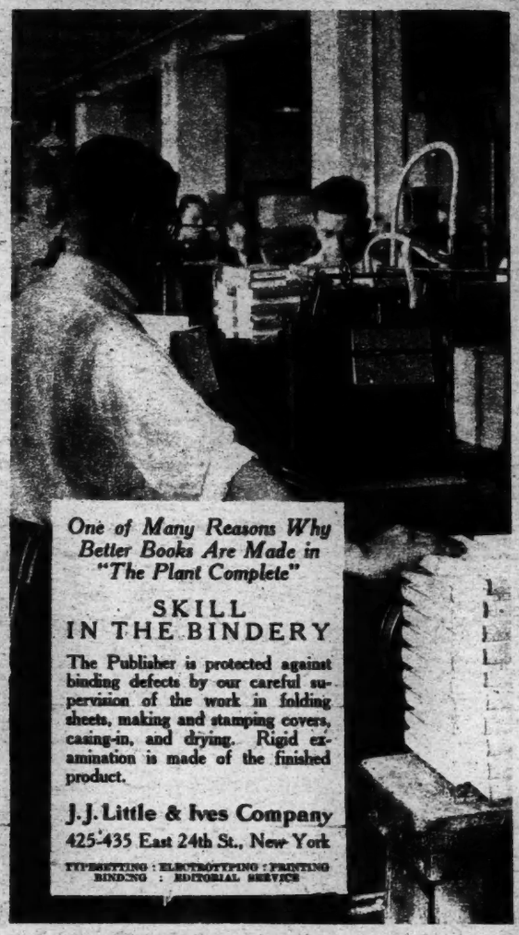
An essay on the moral aspects of reading.

FRENCH'S STANDARD LIBRARY EDITION. Pamphlet. New York: Samuel French.

"Evangeline," by Thomas W. Broadhurst; "The Woman's Hour," by Frederick Paulding, and "Easy Dawson," by Edward E. Kidder.

FRENCH'S INTERNATIONAL. Pamphlets. New York: Samuel French. 30 cents each.

Nos. 540, "The Hospitable Mr. Humphrey," by De Elbert Keenan; 541, "The Hidden Guest," by Marion Short and Pauline Phelps; 545, "Wistful Waiting," by Leon Edward Joseph; 546, "A Night's Work," by Kenyon Nicholson and Samuel Behrman; 547, "Bound for Mexico," by Babette Hughes; 549, "The Outsider," by Harry D. Saddler; 550, "The Organ," by K. Nicholson and E. Pendray, and 553, "His and Hers," by Augusta Raymond Kidder.



One of Many Reasons Why Better Books Are Made in "The Plant Complete"

SKILL IN THE BINDERY

The Publisher is protected against binding defects by our careful supervision of the work in folding sheets, making and stamping covers, casing-in, and drying. Rigid examination is made of the finished product.

J. J. Little & Ives Company

425-435 East 24th St., New York

TYPESETTING : ELECTROTYPING : PRINTING BINDING : EDITORIAL SERVICE

Just Published

The BOOK NOBODY KNOWS

by

Bruce Barton

Author of

The MAN NOBODY KNOWS

Since its publication last year The Man Nobody Knows has been the best seller everywhere. Bruce Barton's new book tells about the Bible in the same unconventional, modern and stimulating manner in which Mr. Barton wrote of Jesus.

$2.50 all stores : BOBBS-MERRILL

McDEVITT-WILSONS

All Books

30 Church St. (Hud. Tor.)

Cortlandt 1778-9498

New York City

BOOKSHELVES BUILT

Costs less than bookcases. Requires less room. Humanizes your home. It's Being Done! Write or phone for details.

The BOOKSHELVERS 517 E. 139th St., N. Y. (Mott Haven 6480)

BOOK EXCHANGE

Bargain Offers

20% CASH DISCOUNT SALE. Schulte's Semi-Annual Cash Discount Sale. During this month we offer without reservation our entire stock, over 250,000 selected and classified books, at Special Discount of 20% for Cash from our already low-marked prices. All books plainly and reasonably marked. Schulte's bargain sales are bona fide. Book buyers, book collectors and librarians who have profited by our previous sales know what to expect. Our discount sales are imitated by many bookstores, but our book values are equaled by none. All books guaranteed to be in fine condition, many almost new. Fresh additions to stock and counters daily. A personal visit will be amply repaid by the pleasure and profit of browsing and picking many bargains of rare value. Money refunded without red tape on unsatisfactory purchases makes ordering by mail as safe as after personal examination. Following are few bargains selected at random from our large stock with 20% cash discount already deducted. These prices only when cash accompanies order. Shakespeare's Complete Works, $1. Nordau's Interpretation of History, $1. Schopenhauer's Seven Essays, $1. Dante's Divine Comedy, $1. Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, $1. Hegel's Philosophy of History, $1. Rousseau's Confessions, $1.40. Tolstoy, 14 volumes, $14.60. Chekhov, 5 volumes, $7.20. Turgenieff, 7 volumes, $8. Hodkinson's Babylonian Talmud, latest revised translation, 10 volumes, $16. Jewish Code of Jurisprudence (Talmudical Law Decisions), 2 volumes, $1.80. Woodrow Wilson's History American People, 5 volumes, $10. Alexander Hamilton Institute Modern Business, 24 flexible volumes, $24. MacFadden's Encyclopedia of Physical Culture, 5 volumes, $14.80. Eleventh edition, Encyclopaedia Britannica, 29 handy volumes, cloth, $24. Twelfth edition, Encyclopaedia Britannica, 32 handy volumes, ¾ blue Persian morocco, $52. Three new supplementary volumes, Cambridge large-type India-paper Britannica, $12. Same, green sheepskin, $16. Yellow Book Magazine, 13 volumes, $30. Equinox (Occult Magazine), 10 volumes, $72. Complete stock Navarre Society Publications, Broadway Translations, Early English Novelists, Rogue's Library, Classics and other interesting works, all subject to 20% discount for cash. Numerous bargains in sets and rare books. Send for free catalogue. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Ave. (Tenth St.).

MARKS' OFFERINGS—PHANTASMATA, or Illusions and Fanaticisms, by R. R. Madden, engraved frontispieces, 2 volumes, half calf, gilt, London, 1857, $25. Tales of the Genii, translated from the Persian, by Sir Charles Morell, illustrated with fine old copperplates, 2 volumes, half calf, neat, London, 1764, rare first edition, fine copy, $50. The Lady's Assistant, a Complete System of Cookery, &c., by Mrs. Charlotte Mason, contemporary calf, neatly rebacked, gilt, London, 1805, $37.50. Political History of the Devil, with Anecdotes of a Scoundrel, or Memoirs of Devil Dick, by Defoe, curious old copperplates, contemporary calf, rebacked, Birmingham, 1772, $20. Numerous other old curious, unique and interesting books, Color Plate and Sporting Items, First Editions, Autograph Letters, Original Manuscripts. Fine Sets and Choice Books in Bindings, &c. We are prepared to purchase entire libraries and choice single books, full market value paid for desirable items. Harry F. Mart, 51 West 47th St.

FRIEDMANS' SPECIAL OFFER—KREHBIELS' More Chapters of Opera, $2.50. Irving, 8 volumes, $10. Simonds' History of World War, 5 volumes, half leather, $6.50. Bacon's Works, 3 volumes, $5. Plato's Works, 3 volumes, $3.50. Josephus' Works, 3 volumes, $4. O. Henry, 12 volumes, $9. Joel Chandler Harris' Works, 10 volumes, $10. Shakespeare, 8 volumes, $4.50. Wordsworth, 10 volumes, $7.50. Calthrope's English Costume, $3.75. Send for catalogue. Friedmans', 70 West 51st St., New York.

ARTIST'S LONDON, 80 ILLUSTRATIONS by Brangwyn and others ($10), $3.98. History of Art, by Cotterill, 2 volumes, 300 illustrations ($20), $9.98. History of French Etching, by Leipnik, 106 illustrations ($15), $8.49. Rembrandt's Paintings, by Meldrum, 541 illustrations ($25), $11.49. Little Nature Library, 4 volumes ($7.50), $3.98. Send for new Summer bargain catalogue. Reagil Co., Inc., 12 West 32nd.

TWO IMPORTANT LIBRARIES NOW ON sale! 1,500 volumes from the library of Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis and 2,000 volumes on travel, folklore, literature and art, collected by a prominent New York architect, many in fine morocco bindings. Now on display at reasonable prices. Thoms & Eron, Inc., 89 Chambers St., New York City (near Broadway). Telephones Worth 0368-0369-5851.

CHELSEA BOOK SHOP OFFERS: MURder and Its Motives, by F. Tennyson Jesse ($2.75), $1.25 Story of the Mikado ($2.50), $1. No Plays, Waley ($5), $2.50. Wilfrid Blunt, My Diaries, 2 volumes ($7.50), $3.75. Let us send you our new catalogue of First Editions, Rare Books and Private Press and Printing Items. Chelsea Book Shop, 365 West 15th St. Chelsea 10461.

PARK BOOK SHOP, 109 EAST 59TH ST., New York's largest uptown old book store (next door to the Light House), invites visitors to call and inspect stock of over 150,000 old and new books. Special bargains at all times. We also buy books.

ALL GERMAN BOOKS AND PERIODicals at the original publishers' prices directly from L. Friederichsen & Co., 23 Bengstrasse, Hamburg, I, Germany. Established 1868.

AMERICANA, ESPECIALLY LINCOLNiana, Western and Southern local items, and Confederate. New Lincoln list just issued. D. H. Newhall, 100 East 42d St., New York.

ANY BOOK SENT ANYWHERE, POSTpaid and insured, at publisher's prices. (Bargain catalogues free.) Seiffers, National Booksellers, 832 Westchester Ave., New York.

20% CASH DISCOUNT SALE. Schulte's Semi-annual Sale now in progress. 20% discount for cash. Send for interesting free catalogue. See large ad. above.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 COlumbus Ave., 75th St.—Large stock of good old and new books. Reasonable prices and expert service. Open evenings.

OLD AND RARE BOOKS, BINDINGS, First Editions, Private Press Books. Catalogues free. Nicholas L. Brown, 276 Fifth Av., New York.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSE TEXTbooks bought, sold, exchanged; list free. Hanfling, 799 Broadway, New York.

HOMER CROY'S HOW MOTION PICtures Are Made. $3. Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th St.

REMAINDER CATALOGUE OF NEW books sent free. Charles W. Clark Co., 235 West 23d St.

LA SALLE LAW COURSE, 14 VOLumes, &c., practically new, sacrifice. G 228 Times.

Bargain Offers

SPECIAL BARGAINS—ENCYCLOPAEDIA Britannica, new form, 32 volumes in 16, latest edition, new set $80; same, half morocco, $85. Harvard Classics, fabricoid binding, 51 volumes, $60; same, alumni edition, 71 volumes, $115. Burton's Arabian Nights, illustrated, complete, unabridged, 17 volumes, $37.50. Mentor, 5 volumes, $14. Catholic Encyclopedia, 16 volumes, $35. Burton Holmes Lectures, 10 volumes, $12.50. Emerson, 6 volumes, $7.50. Wilson's History of American People, 5 volumes, $12.50. O. Henry, 12 volumes, $7.50. Mark Twain, 25 volumes, $22.50. Thomas Hardy, new set, anniversary edition, 21 volumes, $42.50. Kipling, 9 volumes, $8.50. Shakespeare, 10 volumes, $7.50. De Maupassant, 17 volumes, $22.50. Smollett, 12 volumes, $12. Plato, 4 volumes, $7.50. Babylonian Talmud, 10 volumes, $15. Tolstoy, 14 volumes, $22.50. Robert Burns, 6 volumes, $10. Century Dictionary, revised and enlarged, 12 volumes, $25. Madison Book Store, 55 East 59th St., New York.

GOOD SETS AT BARGAIN PRICES—Hubbard, Little Journeys, memorial edition, full leather, perfect condition, 14 volumes, $40. Tolstoi, Scribner's fine edition, 24 volumes, $47.50. Montaigne, de luxe edition, 10 volumes, $30. Turgenieff, Scribner's fine edition, 16 volumes, $35. Thackeray, biographical edition, 13 volumes, $20. Henry James, Novels and Tales, Scribner's fine library edition, out of print, and scarce, 26 volumes, $110. Encyclopaedia Britannica, the three supplemental volumes (twelfth edition), cloth (published $31.50), our price, $15. Full sheep (published $41.50), our price, $20. Henry George, 10 volumes, $17.50. George Sand, 20 volumes, $15. A Visit to Our Attractive and Interesting Shop with its Choice Collections of New, Old and Rare Books is a treat to booklovers. Open evenings. New catalogue of Americana, First Editions, Curiosa, Books on Art, Printing, Magic, &c., sent free. Dauber & Pine, Inc., 66 Fifth Ave., New York. Phone Chelsea 5670.

DAVIS' BARGAINS—STANLEY, THE Congo, 2 vols., $4; Through the Dark Continent, 2 vols., $3.50. Peary, Northward Over the Great Ice, 2 vols., $4.50. Du Chaillu, Land of the Midnight Sun, 2 vols., $3.50. Greely, Three Years of Arctic Service, 2 vols., $3. Ranke, History of the Popes, Bohn, 3 vols., $4. Coxe, History of House of Austria, Bohn, 4 vols., $3. Westermarck, History of Human Marriage, 3 vols., $15. Treitschke's History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century, 4 vols., $4.50. Sir James O'Connor, History of Ireland, 2 vols., $7.50. Dolby, History of Ireland, steel engravings, morocco, $3. Cabinet of Irish Literature, half morocco, 4 vols., $6. Popular Poets and Poetry of Ireland, full morocco, $4. Cusack, Life of St. Patrick, illustrated, morocco, $2. Joyce, Atlas and History of Ireland, illustrated, $4. Catalogue ready. Davis' Bookstore, 83 Fourth Ave.

THE ARGOSY BOOK STORE WISHES to announce the opening of its new shop at 45 Fourth Ave., Bible House. Booklovers are cordially invited to browse among our well selected and richly varied assortment of books on Art, Philosophy, Psychology, Travel, Biography, Drama, Poetry, History, Theology, Fiction, &c., &c.; also Fine Bindings, Standard Sets, First Editions and Rare Books. All books plainly and moderately priced. Out-of-print books searched for diligently. Correspondence solicited. Argosy Book Store, 45 Fourth Ave. (near 8th St.) Tel. Stuyvesant 9390.

WOMRATH'S BARGAINS—AARON Burr, Wandell, 2 vols., $7. Life of E. H. Gary, Tarbell, $2.30. Life and Letters of W. Page, 1 vol., $3.50. Mark Twain's Autobiography, $8.75. W. D. Howell's Works, library edition, illustrated, 6 vols., $3.90. Recollections of Happy Life, Egan, $2.25. Story of World's Literature, Macy, $3.50. Seventy Years of Life and Labor, Gompers, 2 vols., $6.25. Send for complete catalog of bargains. Arthur R. Womrath, Inc., 21 West 45th St., New York.

HOME STUDY COURSES, ALL SCHOOLS, all subjects; sold complete with textbooks, lectures, &c., in fine condition, at 1/2 usual prices because slightly used. Easy terms; money-back guarantee. Courses bought. Write for catalogue, or, better, call and inspect our stock. Economy Educator Service, Inc., W202 West 49th St., New York.

Rare First Editions

SEND FOR INTERESTING CATALOGUE of reasonably priced rare books, old, modern; first editions; curiosa, facetiae, sport; notably illustrated and color plate books, &c. Bibliophile 106 Brookside Av., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

HOYT CASE DESIRES TO ANNOUNCE the opening of his new shop at 24 East 58th Street, New York City. Telephone Plaza 9686. Catalogue No. 8 of First Editions in preparation. Copies sent upon request.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS—BROADside of new English and American books; supplementary list No. 11 upon request. The Centaur Book Shop, 1224 Chancellor St., Philadelphia.

RARE BOOKS, FIRST EDITIONS, AMERicana. We report late prices and descriptions weekly. $3.50 yearly. Sample, 10 cents. Book Dealers' Weekly, 730 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE PHOENIX BOOK SHOP—MODERN First Editions, 21 East 61st St., New York City. Telephone Regent 3267. Catalogue No. 3 now ready. Copies on request.

DISPERSING COLLECTION FIRST EDItions, curiosae, &c. List on request. Address J 403 Times.

Circulating Libraries

RENT THE NEW BOOKS, FICTION AND non-fiction, nominal fees. Special Summer rates. Brought to your office or sent by parcel post (special return carton), anywhere in the United States. Send for book list and rates. Morrison Library, founded 1913, 179 Broadway, New York City.

AVAILABLE LIBRARY, 3,805 BROADway, at 158th St. Library terms: Deposit $1; 4 to 7 days, 25c.; 2 or 3 days, 20c.; 1 day, 15c. Older fiction, 10c. for 5 days.

Printing

AUTHORS, WRITERS, HISTORIANS—Have your work published. We do complete job for you—printing, advertising, sales. Send for leaflet "Publishing Your Book," F. H. Hitchcock, 105 West 40th St., N. Y. (Tel. Pennsylvania 6590.)

PUBLICATION PRINTER—NEWSpaper, magazine, large books, school publications, directory work with storing the pages. Lowest price. Book, Magazine and Newspaper Press, 284 Second Av.

Books Wanted

THOMS & ERON, INC.—A CORPORAtion with experience of thirty years in New York City, dealing in fine editions of Standard Sets, old and rare books and other literary property, &c., &c., are the largest buyers and distributers of standard works in sets and second-hand books in this country. We are in the market to buy for spot cash books in large or small quantities and entire private libraries. We especially desire limited sets, editions de luxe Encyclopaedia Britannica, Book of Knowledge, Harvard Classics, &c., &c. Absolutely the highest prices paid. Our buyers make calls by appointment to appraise and pay cash for purchases. Books packed and removed promptly at our expense by our expert packers. In competition we have bought some of the largest private libraries that have ever been sold, and can furnish convincing recommendations that our dealings are fair to those disposing of their books. If you have a large private library anywhere in the United States and want to get New York prices for your books, which are better than those you can secure from local dealers, it will pay you to communicate with us. Executors of estates having books to dispose of should get in touch with us. The advantages accruing to the seller of books in dealing with a large concern are obvious. Thoms & Eron, Inc., 89 Chambers St., near B'way, New York. Telephone Worth 0368-0369-5851.

BOOKS BOUGHT—FULL VALUE PAID for complete libraries or small collection of sets and miscellaneous books. We are conducting one of the finest old and rare book shops in the city, established for 16 years, in same location, among the wealthiest families of New York. We have a steady demand for sets of Encyclopaedia Britannica, New International Encyclopaedia, Harvard Classics, Book of Knowledge, Mark Twain, Kipling, Stevenson, Books on Art, Drama, Architecture, Medical, Christian Science, Americana, Travel, Philosophy, Fiction, hundreds First Editions, Autographs or any literary property. Our representative will call at your residence and estimate, and if offer is accepted will pay cash and remove books immediately in our automobile without any expense or inconvenience to you. Don't sell your books until you have received our offer, as you are under no obligation whatsoever to accept. Madison Book Store, 55 East 59th Street, New York, between Park and Madison Avenues. Telephone Regent 7904.

ABSOLUTELY HIGHEST PRICES PAID for entire libraries and small collections of books on all subjects. Especially wanted: Library set, encyclopaedias, books on art, architecture, science, literature, Americana, classics, philosophy, psychology, anthropology, folklore, occult sciences, Christian Science, first editions and all other literary property. Those having books for sale, owners, estates, executors, will do well to communicate with us, as our reputation assures them a fair and satisfactory deal. We call anywhere, pay spot cash and remove books promptly at our expense. All calls receive prompt and personal attention. You cannot afford to sell your books without getting our estimate. Phone, call or write Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 64-66 Fifth Avenue, near 12th Street. Phone Chelsea 5670. New catalogue mailed free.

BOOKS BOUGHT IN ANY QUANTITY. The Bargain Book Store, Incorporated, one of the largest second-hand book stores in New York, is ready to purchase complete libraries or small lots of books. No collection is too large or too small. Our enormous retail trade requires our constant hunt for new libraries and enables us also to pay better prices. If you have complete sets, miscellaneous books on any subject, autographs, prints, special or limited editions, or any other literary property to sell, be sure and get our estimate before selling. Our buyers will call anywhere at any time. We pay spot cash, pack and remove at our expense. Write, phone or call. Bargain Book Store, Inc., 79 4th Av., New York. Stuyvesant 4318.

A. R. WOMRATH, INC., DEALERS IN Old and Rare Books, will purchase entire libraries or odd lots of the Standard Authors in new or old editions. Books on art, travel, history, Americana, drama, poetry, first and limited editions, autographs and literary material of every description. Our representative will call anywhere and make the best offer possible. Purchases will be paid for at once and removed without further delay at our expense. We have many branches throughout the country, it will pay you to receive our estimate before selling. A. R. Womrath, Inc., 42 Broadway and 55 New Street, New York. Phone Hanover 5300.

BOOKS WANTED—CASH; IMMEDIATE removal with automobile; no packing. Call anywhere promptly. Whether you have an entire library or small quantity, whether miscellaneous, old or modern books, fiction, sets, specialized collections, pamphlets, music, autographs, prints, we endeavor to purchase same in a manner that will merit our recommendation to others. Hart, 255 West 112th St., New York. Phone Monument 7568.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR ART, Medical and late Scientific Books. Especially wanted: Harvard Classics, New International, Americana, and last Britannica Encyclopedias, Fine Sets of Standard Authors. Davis' Bookstore, 83 Fourth Ave. Phone Stuyvesant 7812.

VIEWS OF OLD NEW YORK, PRINTS of old ships, locomotives, railways, farm scenes, pirates, shipwrecks, sea or whaling voyages, prints, books, letters, manuscripts wanted by Harry Stone, 137 Fourth Av., New York City.

PERSONAL CALLS MADE FOR INSPECtion of your salable books. Large display new and old books for sale. Franklin Book Shop, 41 East 59th St. Write or phone Regent 3280.

BARTLETT'S, BOSTON, IS THE BEST place to sell books. Established 66 years, our guarantee. Write N. J. Bartlett & Co., Inc., 37 Cornhill, Boston.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FINE sets and rare books. Thoms & Eron, Inc., 89 Chambers St., near B'way, N. Y.

WILL PURCHASE FINE SETS AND rare books. Guy Stonestreet, 507 Fifth Ave., New York.

DAMATO'S BOOKSTORE, 165 EAST 34TH St. Books bought and sold. Lexington 4046.

Code Books

WHEN IT'S TELEGRAPH CABLE-CODE buying, selling, exchanging, communicate with most widely known dealers. Bensinger Corp., 15 Whitehall St., New York.

Maps

NEW YORK IN 1664. A PICTORIAL HIStorical plan in colors, 14 by 22 inches, showing homes, names, dates of early settlers; $1 to Franklin Bittner, 81 Irving Place, New York.

Literature of Other Nations

CHAGNON'S BARGAINS—FIRST EDItions Anatole France, $5 up; Zola, $3; Bourget, $2. Lanfrey Historie Napoleon, 5 volumes, boards, $5. Scribe Theatre, 20 volumes, boards, $10. Lacroix Costumes et Moeurs, $50 (regularly $75). French Books bought, full price paid. French Eighteenth Century Colored Prints for Framing (Boucher, Fragonard), $1 (regularly $2). French Antiques, Quaint Eighteenth Century Porcelain and Pewter Plates, low priced. Chagnon, 804 Sixth Ave., at 45th.

AGAINST THE GRAIN—HUYSMANS, complete translation, limited edition, $5, post free. Lists sent on demand. $1 insures delivery monthly French list, one year. Libr. du Palais-Royal, 9 Rue de Beaujolais, Paris.

COIN DE FRANCE, NOUVELLE LIbrairie Francaise—Everything in books and French magazines. Cards, Prints and Pictures. Mail orders. Information. Catalogues free. Open evenings. 66 West 51st St., New York. Circle 6083.

FOREIGN NEWS DEPOT, TIMES BUILDing, 7th Ave. Subway entrance—English, Irish, Scotch, French, Swiss, German, Spanish, Danish, Norwegian, Russian, &c. Newspapers, magazines. Largest line in New York. Open evenings.

HOTALING'S NEWS DEPOT, BARCLAY Street entrance Woolworth Building—Out-of-town newspapers and back number New York papers. Trade and technical publications. Successors to L. Jonas & Co. Established 1875.

FRENCH BOOKS—ALL FRENCH ART Books. Mail orders and information promptly. The French Bookshop, 561 Madison Ave., at 56th (Plaza 4663), "New York's largest French Bookshop."

RUSSIAN NATIONAL BOOK STORE, Inc.—From Double Eagle to Red Flag, by General Krasnaff, original publication, bound $6, paper $5. 239 East 10th St. Phone Lexington 6839.

SWEDISH, NORWEGIAN AND DANISH Books, music and cards. Books in English by Scandinavian authors. Catalogues free. Bonnier's, 561 3d Av.

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN books. Free catalogue; state language desired. Schoenhof's (established 1856), 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

FRENCH BOOKS, MAGAZINES, ALL descriptions. Bargain lists. French American Bookshop, 204 West 96th St., New York.

POLISH BOOK IMPORTING CO., 38 Union Square, New York. Largest stock of Polish books; all subjects. Catalog upon request.

ORIENTAL GRAMMARS AND DICTIONaries. Ask for Lists 1 and 2. Benj. F. Gravely, Martinsville, Va.

GERMAN BOOKS, ART BOOKS, GOOD books in English. W. Beyer, Inc., 259 5th Ave., between 28th-29th.

HUNGARIAN, GERMAN BOOKS, MUSIC; lists on request. Kerekes Bros., 208 East 86th.

Out-of-Print

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS THOROUGHLY searched for and quickly supplied at very lowest prices. No charge or obligation for this service. Our system locates books of every nature and description that you greatly desire and cannot obtain ordinarily. Genealogies, family and town histories supplied. We specialize in English books. First editions supplied. Imperfect sets completed. Back numbers of all magazines supplied. Sexological literature. Send your list of requirements for immediate attention. Send your name for regular announcements. American Library Service, Dept. 100, 500 Fifth Ave., New York. Telephone Longacre 10435.

WE SUPPLY QUICKLY AT MOST MODerate prices out-of-print and rare books, genealogies, English publications. National Geographics, back number magazines. List your book needs with us without charge. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York. Caledonia 0047.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS AND SPECIAL subjects—An unbroken record of 25 years of bookhunting. Try me. Stammer's Bookstore, 61 Fourth Avenue, New York. Telephone Stuyvesant 2448.

BOOKS—ALL OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS supplied, no matter on what subject. Please state wants. Baker's Great Bookshop, 14-16 John Bright St., Birmingham, England.

WE HAVE THE BEST METHODS FOR locating Rare and Out-of-Print Books. Catalogues mailed. The Odd Book Plan, 114 4th Ave., New York. Stuyvesant 1636.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED AT most reasonable prices. Catalogue free. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Ave., New York. Phone Chelsea 5670.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FURNISHED. Catalogues issued. E. R. Robinson, 410 River St., Troy, N. Y.

Books for Writers

1001 PLACES TO SELL MANUSCRIPTS $2.50. 36 Dramatic Situations, $1.50. Art of Inventing Characters, $2.50. Plotting the Short Story, $1. Technique of Fiction Writing, $1.75. Catalogue. Also Competent Editorial Criticism and Revision of MSS. James Knapp Reeve (former editor, The Editor), Franklin, Ohio.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOG OF THE Writer's Library, sample copy of The Writer's Monthly and particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in Short-Story Writing free; write today. The Home Correspondence School, Dept. 26, Springfield, Mass.

WRITE EASIER, QUICKER, BETTER through this easy-to-learn semi-shorthand; by a writer for writers; immediately usable. Book $2, postpaid. Folder? Ridderhand, Times Bldg., New York.

Scientific Books

CHEMICAL, MEDICAL AND TECHNIcal Books: French and German. Monthly catalogues of importations gratis. B. Westermann Co., Inc., formerly Lemcke & Buechner, 13 West 46th St., N. Y. City.

SCIENTIFIC JOURNALS AND BOOKS on Natural History bought and sold. Henry Fiedler, 18 Vesey Street.

Art and Applied Art

MARMOR BOOK SHOP—FULL LINE Art Books, Prints, Framing, Batik Paper. 832 6th Ave. (47th St.), City. Open evenings.

ANTIQUE JEWELRY AND SMALL ART objects. Alaquah, 632 Madison Av., New York.

Specialists

READ WITHOUT BUYING! RARE, scarce, out-of-print and unusual books; limited and subscription editions; translations and reprints of famous classics and contemporary non-fiction items. Books are constantly being added to the library at the suggestion of members. We invite the interest of readers who wish to avoid the heavy investment necessitated by personal ownership of such library. When writing for information and list of books kindly state occupation or profession. Esoterika Biblion Society, Inc., 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

ROSICRUCIAN MYSTERY TEACHINGS by mail; exclusive monthly lessons in psychology, spiritual science, mysticism, insuring health, success, mastery. Enroll on voluntary subscription plan. Free booklet. Society of Rosicrucians, Inc., 420 City Hall Station, New York.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS ON CANADA, Rocky Mountains, the Northwest, Big Game Hunting, Natural History, Shooting, Fishing, Sporting Adventures, Maps of Canada, &c., sent on request. C. F. Libbie & Co., 3 Hamilton Pl., Boston, Mass.

MASONIC - OCCULT - ASTROLOGICAL Books. Descriptive Catalogs, covering each of these subjects upon request. Retail Store and Free Reading Room, 45 John St., New York. Macoy Publishing & Masonic Supply Company.

NONESUCH PRESS—EIGHTEENTH CENtury editions of Elizabethan and Restoration drama. Many interesting items. Catalogues. Chaucer Head, 32 West 47th St., New York.

MASONIC BOOKS, MONITORS, HIStories, &c. Come in and visit our book shelves. Send for Catalog T. Redding & Company, 9 West 23d St., New York.

HISTORICAL MATERIAL RELATING to pioneer conditions in the West and South; catalogues on application. Hudson Book Co., 47-63 West 42d St., New York.

BUSINESS BOOKS AT THE NEW York University Book Store, 90 Trinity Place, 34 Washington Place. You can benefit by the selection of our faculty.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LITERATURE. Rare Books, State Histories, Old Laws. Catalogues furnished. Rare Book Company, 99 Nassau St., New York.

BOOKS ON BOOKPLATES, BOOKBINDing, Angling, Wales, Ireland, England and Scotland. Henry Blackwell, Bible House, New York.

FAMILY, TOWN, COUNTY AND STATE histories. Catalogs on request. The Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th St., New York.

AMERICAN REVOLUTION, CATALOGUE of several thousand items just out. Aldine Book Co., 1873 61st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SEXOLOGY AND PSYCHOANALYSIS. Descriptive catalog, 10c. Book League, 47 West 42d, New York. Established 1899.

GENEALOGIES, ARMS, TWO MILLION Marriage Records. Genealogy Magazine, Pompton Lakes, New Jersey.

CATALOG NO. 5 OF INTERESTING Americana sent on request. Old books bought. Arthur B. Carlson, 503 Fifth Ave., New York.

Law Books

BRANNAN, THE NEGOTIABLE INstruments Law Annotated. The Law of Bills, Notes and Checks in Each State, with notes of decisions of the Courts construing the Uniform Negotiable Instruments Law. New fourth edition by Professor Z. Chafee Jr. of Harvard University Law School. 1 volume, 1,200 pages, price $10. W. H. Anderson Company, 524 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

OLD LAW BOOKS WANTED—EARLY Acts and Laws, all States. Send list or brief description. Business established twenty-five years. Address C. S. Hook, Weymouth Apts., Atlantic City, N. J. Traveling representative will call if important.

CALLAGHAN & CO., DEALERS IN law books—We buy and sell complete libraries or single sets. 12 Warren Street, New York. Telephone Barclay 1369.

Professional Services

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed; special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

TRANSLATIONS FROM AND INTO Danish, Dutch, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Norwegian, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, Swedish. Dr. J. W. Hartmann, 194 Park Place, Brooklyn. Nevins 5087.

CONFIDENTIAL ASSISTANCE—ADdresses, Club Papers, Debates and other literary construction prepared on any subject. Rates reasonable. C. L. Saperstein, Box 110, Atlanta, Ga.

SCIENTIFIC ASTROLOGICAL READings, writings, interpretations, interviews. George W. Smallwood, M. D., Copley Square Postoffice, Box 163, Boston, Mass.

EXPERT TYPING—LEADING PLAYwrights, authors recommend my work. Carefully, beautifully typed; reasonable. Miss Bloodgood, 31 West 10th. Chelsea 2465.

YOUR HOROSCOPE CAREFULLY DElineated. Full information sent on request in a handsome pamphlet. F. Hyatt Smith, Ph. D., Box 102, Buffalo, N. Y.

TYPING MANUSCRIPTS, PLAYS, STOries; technical; expert stenographer; proofreader; mimeographing. Room 1202, 1,440 Broadway. Penn. 7130.

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHERS—EXPERT typewriting; short stories, novels, plays, &c. Miss Jones, The Royalton, 47 West 43d St. Vanderbilt 0647.

MANUSCRIPTS, prose, poetry, criticized, revised, typed, marketed. Author's and publishers' service. Peters Workshop, 31 Landscape, Yonkers.

PLAYS WANTED FOR BROADWAY production. Work of new writers accepted. Frieda Fishbein, Play Broker, 104 West 42d St.

SCIENTIFIC ASTROLOGICAL READings, Summer months, by mail. Frances Courtney, 110 Remsen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

General Items

COLLECTION OLD EUROPEAN WEAPons, including rifles and other warfare equipment, from 1717 to present date. P 457 Times.

BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS—CATAlogues free. R. Atkinson, 188 Peckham Rye, London, S. E. 22, England.

Continued on Following Page.

BOOK EXCHANGE

Continued From Preceding Page.

Autographs

AUTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES bought and sold. I offer collectors largest and most comprehensive selection in America of original letters, manuscripts and documents of world-famous authors, Generals, statesmen, rulers, composers, &c. Send list of your wants. Sample copy, "The Autograph Bulletin," a catalogue-magazine for collectors, mailed free. Autographs bought. Highest cash prices paid. Thomas F. Madigan (successor to P. F. Madigan, established 1888), 48 West 49th St., New York.

AUTOGRAPHS WANTED, GOOD PRICES will be given for desirable letters written by Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding, Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Zachary Taylor, John Adams, Washington, Franklin, John Paul Jones, Poe, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Mark Twain, John Howard Payne, Lafcadio Hearn and other distinguished Americans; poems, hymns and other MSS. of famous authors particularly desired; miscellaneous collections purchased. Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston, Mass.

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS OF celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price lists. Walter R. Benjamin, 154 West 88th St., New York City. Publisher The Collector, $1. Established 1887.

AUTOGRAPHS OF FAMOUS PERSONS bought and sold. Free Weekly Lists on request. Adeline Roberts, 51 West 49th Street, New York.

Stamps

STAMP COLLECTORS — PHILLIPS' Monthly Bulletin offers over 2,000 items each issue. 24 or more pages, free. We offer, all different, 100 Memel, $2.25; 100 Danzig, 75c.; 200 Belgium, $2; 50 Luxemburg, 60c; 100 Bulgaria, $1; 300 Austria, 50c; 300 French Colonies, $2.25. Phillips, Box 1012, Hartford, Conn.

WE ARE BREAKING UP A VERY FINE stamp collection containing nineteenth century only. Act quick and select your wants. Thomas & Schottner, 77 Nassau Street.

500 DIFFERENT STAMPS AND THE Stamp Collector's Magazine for one year for $1.00. Philatelic Publishing Co., 82 Nassau Street, New York.

OLD POSTAGE STAMPS — WE BUY stamps on and off cover, 1847-1870. Cross Stamp Company, 80 Nassau St., New York.

1,000 ALL DIFFERENT, FINE STAMPS, $1. Stamp collections bought. Joseph Hoffman, 135 West 42d St., New York.

SMALL STAMP COLLECTIONS — 2,000 different, $5; 3,000, $14; 4,000, $25. C. H. Hollister, Mukwonago, Wis.

Press Clippings

HENRY (ORIGINAL) ROMEIKE, 220 West 19th St.—Established 1881, today the largest and best and the only clipping bureau maintaining a separate literary department, thus insuring a service noted throughout the world as the standard of efficiency. No connection with other Romeikes. Telephone Chelsea 8860.

THE RELIABLE PRESS CLIPPING BUreau, 26 Warren Street, not only claims, but will prove, that it has the most efficient Literary Department. Book Reviews from newspapers and magazines; terms, $6 for 100 clippings. Order when book is sent for review. Write or phone Barclay 6062.

Binderies

I SPECIALIZE IN BINDING THE National Geographic Magazine. Prospectus on application. Missing numbers and complete volumes supplied; also do all other bindings. H. Kaufman, Bookbinder, 217 East 38th St. Lexington 7802.

SEND YOUR NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC Magazines, periodicals, for Eggeling's guaranteed binding, $1.50; request descriptive literature. Eggeling Bookbindery, 16 East 13th. Stuyvesant 8912.

CORLIES, MACY & CO., 441 PEARL St., New York. Magazine, periodical and fine bookbinding. Established 1857.

Back Numbers

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, AMERICAN Mercury, Golden Book and all other magazines, back numbers and complete volumes supplied. Binding done. American Library Service, Department 15, 500 5th Av., New York. Longacre 10435.

HEADQUARTERS FOR BACK NUMBER newspapers and magazines. Back Number Newspaper Shoppe, 1,487 Broadway.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES TO be had at Abraham's Bookstore, 145 4th Av.

Coins

COIN COLLECTORS—A FEW RARE OLD silver and copper coins, American and foreign, dating from 1761, for sale. Private owner. Address for particulars C 1071 Times Annex.

RARE COIN BOOK, 50c. SEND $2.00 FOR old United States coins. Guttag Bros., 16 Exchange Place, New York.

OLD COINS, STAMPS, MEDALS BOUGHT and sold. Stewart, 18 Tremont St., Boston.

Advertising rate 12 cents a word.

BINDERS BOARD MAKES BOOKS "Bound to Last" BINDERS BOARD MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION 18 East 41st. St. New York

Queries and Answers

This department is designed to assist in the location of complete versions of poems and their sources, the names of authors, &c., which cannot be found through the usual channels of anthologies and books of reference. THE TIMES receives a great many more queries than it can publish. It endeavors, therefore, to select those of the greatest general interest. Queries should be addressed to the Editor of Queries and Answers, NEW YORK TIMES. They should be written on one side of the paper only, and must contain the name and address of the writer as evidence of good faith.

QUERIES.

"The Art of Living"

E. L. L.—Can you tell me the author of a poem entitled "The Art of Living," the first line of which is: "To touch the cup with eager lips and taste, not drain it."

"Before the Earth Was Round"

B. J. H.—Who wrote these lines, which are, perhaps, slightly misquoted:

Before the earth was round, and only dreamers thought of other worlds,
Each nation made a god in its own image and fell down and worshiped him.
These gods were great and good as man is good and great,
And of times led or drove the nation on through hope or fear or love or hate.

"Where Houses Are All Alike"

R. B.—Please assist me in obtaining a complete copy and the name of the author of the following verses:

Where the houses are all alike you know,
All the houses alike in a row.
* * * * * * *
And this world swings sadly to and fro,
Mayhap the shining, but sure the woe.

"Poppies"

M. H.—Would you inform me where I could find the poem beginning with the words: "Poppies, poppies—God how I hate them." The poem was published in a magazine during the late war.

"King Lazarus"

ERNEST—Can any one tell me where I may find the poem entitled "King Lazarus," part of the last stanza of which reads as follows:

Reign on, reign on, King Lazarus,
Time and the hour shall see,
Dives in Abraham's bosom
Who will have none of thee.

"A Quotation"

M. M.—I am anxious to find the name of the author and the source of this quotation: "Blessed is the man who finds no disillusion when he is brought face to face with a revered writer."

"The Flood"

H. B. P.—Perhaps some reader could help me find a poem which was quite popular about 1890, relative to the Johnstown or Conemaugh flood. It described a rider who warned the countryside of the breaking of the dam.

"Five Poems"

L. H. G.—Would it be possible to obtain through your paper copies of the poems, the first lines of which are as follows:

1. "Ben Adam had a golden coin."
2. "Above the blue and starry sky."
3. "God might have made the earth."
4. "Birds—birds ye are beautiful things."

I would like also to find the poem entitled "Captain Beau and His Hunter Boys."

"Blue Boy"

W. D. B.—I desire to know if any poems have been written about the painting "Blue Boy," by Gainsborough?

"To a Dandelion"

J. R.—I have tried for years to find the complete little gem of a poem "To a Dandelion." Perhaps one of your readers can help me. The second of the two verses is as follows:

They were so generous, so bold,
To fling away their gold
Where it availed or gladdened none;
And now their little race is run!
Fair gallants of a bygone day—
A set of merry spendthrifts, they.

"My Prayer"

L. C.—The following is a clipping from The London Mercury and appears to be quite old. It is signed Mina Cust. I would like to know the date of the verse.

O God, my God, where'er Thou art,
Keep my beloved in Thy heart;
Fold in Thy heart that heart so bright,
Heal him with Thy most gentle light.
And since Thou mad'st forgetfulness,
Forget whate'er Thou find'st amiss;
And since Thou mad'st remembering,
Remember every lovely thing.
And then, my God, lean down and see
And pitying, remember me.

"Knee Deep"

E. McG.—I would like to find the poem entitled "Knee Deep," the first lines of which are as follows:

They are calling knee deep, knee deep tonight in the marsh below,
Down by the bank where the rank sword-grass and the calamus grow;
Like an army of silversmiths, forging bells for the northern sprites,
And keeping time to a rhyme they work through the Summer nights.

"The Mill That Never Grinds"

C. W. S.—May I have assistance in locating the poem entitled "The Mill Will Never Grind With the Water that is Passed," which I heard many years ago?

"The Strongest Suffer Most"

E. C. H.—Where may I find the following lines:

Is it true, O Christ in Heaven,
That the strongest suffer most,
That the wisest wander farthest,
And most hopelessly are lost.

"Pablo of San Diego"

J. T. McC.—Can any one help me find a poem, which has some of the following lines:

Stout Pablo of San Diego,
Rode down to Paso del Mar,
With bells on his gray mule tinkling;
A fog hung over the sea.

ANSWERS

"Sons of the North and South"

MRS. GEORGE R. MAYO, New York.—In your issue of June 20, 1926, there is an inquiry from M. S. C., regarding a poem entitled "Sons of the North and South." The lines were written by my son, Morrow Mayo, about the time America entered into the World War in which he served on a subchaser. The original caption as published in The Washington Times was "A Toast." It was later called "Sons of the Flag." The original poem is as follows:

Here's to the Blue of the wind-swept North,
As we meet on the fields of France,
May the spirit of Grant be with you all,
As the sons of the North advance.

Here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France,
May the spirit of Lee be with you all,
As the sons of the South advance.

And here's to the Blue and the Gray as one,
When we meet on the fields of France,
May the spirit of God be with us all,
As the sons of the Flag advance.

The author of this poem is now on the staff of a newspaper in Pasadena, Cal. A number of readers answered this request, not a few of whom sent in copies of the poem. One has been forwarded to our correspondent.

"An Arab Beggar"

J. T. McCORKLE, Pueblo, Col.—In your issue of May 16 M. K. asks for the poem about an Arab beggar. I happen to have this among my collection and take pleasure in sending it herewith. I do not know the author's name.

THE WARNING.

Dabor from Nabor, as the Arabs tell,
Desired to buy his horse, a peerless steed
In all the land unrivaled for his speed;
But, long refusing, Nabor would not sell
For gold, nor camels; vain was Dabor's wealth.
At last he strove to gain his wish by stealth.

The other four stanzas we have not space to print here, but a complete copy of the poem has been sent to our correspondent.

"Beyond Space and Time"

MISS HELEN G. JONES, Columbus, Ohio.—In your issue of June 13 E. T. B. asks for the poem from which these lines are taken:

Somewhere beyond Space and Time
Is wetter water, slimier slime.

The above excerpt is taken from the collected poem by Rupert Brooke (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1925), and the title of the poem is "Heaven."

Miss Gertrude W. Orvis, Ocean Grove, N. J., has contributed the poem, a copy of which has been forwarded to our correspondent. Miss Laura Ault, Freeport, L. I.; Miss Jessie Baird Hodgman, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; David B. Hexter, New York; K. P. Neville, London, Canada; Miss Annie Dow, Cazenovia, N. Y.; Vance Randolph, New York; Harry T. Baker, Rockland, Me., and Helen Minturn Seymour, Wellesley, Mass., also answered this query, giving information as to where the poem may be found.

"Hubbard's Essay on Man"

ANGUS GREEN, Baltimore, Md.—In your issue of May 30 J. Z. B. asked for Hubbard's essay which contains the following lines, quoted correctly below. It can be found in Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journeys Into the Home of Lord Bryon."

"A man weighted with the sins of his parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, who fade off into dim spectral shapes in the dark and dreamlike past; no word of choice has he in the selection of his father and mother, no voice in the choosing of environment * * * brought into life without his consent and thrust out against his will * * * battling, striving, hoping, cursing, waiting, loving, praying; burned by fever, torn by sympathy, clutching * * * nothing."

"Things to Forget"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—The verse quoted (June 13) by H. F. S. is the first one of the poem "Forget It," by Judd Mortimer Lewis, since 1900 contributor of a column of poetry and prose daily in The Houston (Texas) Post. He has published several volumes of poetry.

FORGET IT.

Judd Mortimer Lewis.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
A fellow or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

Mrs. H. A. Atherton, Newark, Ohio; Mrs. Helen S. Bridge, St. Paul, Minn.; James B. Troutman, Topeka, Kan.; Ellen M. Arkisan, Quebec, Canada, and Clint C. Shean, Waterloo, Iowa, also contributed the poem, a copy of which has been sent to our correspondent. M. Hassler, Weehawken, N. J., answered this appeal.

"A Plan Far Greater"

CLEMENT E. SCHOTLAND, Newark, N. J.—In answer to N. M. P. in your issue of May 30 I enclose the poem requested, and your correspondent will find the lines wanted at the beginning of the poem. I do not know the author's name, but I have exhausted every resource in that direction in a futile search for the authorship of these lines:

There is a plan far greater than the plan you know,
There is a landscape broader than the one you see.
There is a haven where storm-tossed souls may go—
You call it death—we, immortality.

You call it death—this seeming endless sleep,
We call it birth—the soul at last set free.
'Tis hampered not by time or space—you weep.
Why weep at death? 'Tis immortality.

Farewell, dear voyageur—'twill not be long.
Your work is done—now may peace rest with thee.
Your kindly thoughts and deeds—they will live on.
This is not death—'tis immortality.

Farewell, dear voyageur—the river winds and turns,
The cadence of your song wafts near to me,
And now you know the thing that all men learn;
There is no death—there's immortality.

"For All Some Sweet Hope Lies"

G. A. McLELLAN, Mount Vernon, N. Y.—The lines quoted by M. A. C. in your issue of June 13 are the concluding ones of Whittier's "Maud Muller," and may be found in any collection of his "Poems," and in many poetry anthologies.

A number of readers whose names we have not space to print here sent in information identifying the poem. Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., and T. Fletcher Roberts Sr., Chattanooga, Tenn., contributed copies of it, one of which has been forwarded to our correspondent in California.

WOMRATH'S LIBRARY

RENTS "the book you want when you want it," if it is new and popular, on payment of a small rental fee while in your possession. There are no delays; Womrath's buys to meet the demands of the moment. The service is prompt and pleasing, the books are clean and inviting. You start and stop when you choose.

Drop in at our library; you will be pleased with the great variety of new and popular books on display. Trained, courteous attendants will make your visit enjoyable.

Write for our catalog of Bargains in Books, used and new. We sell or rent books by mail anywhere in the United States.

See Telephone Book for Nearest of 25 Branches

WOMRATH'S LIBRARY and BOOKSHOPS
21 West 45th Street, New York

If you do not live near a branch, write our Mail Order Service, 21 West 45th Street, New York, for Library terms.

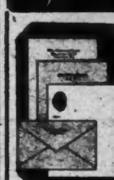
HANGMAN'S HOUSE

The glorious and joyous romance by

Donn Byrne

8 illustrations, $2.50

Fifth Avenue Stationery



Monogram or Name and Address Like Die Engraving Lustrous Raised Letters *(Not Printed)* In *Black, Blue, Green* Suede Vellum Paper Club Size 6¾x5½ grey, white, buff, blue. 100 Single Sheets and 100 Envelopes, lettered, and 100 Plain Sheets, OR 100 Folded Sheets and 100 Envelopes, lettered $2 *Tuxedo Linen $2.50*

Sent postpaid within a week. Enclose check or M. O. West of Miss. add 10%. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FIFTH AVENUE STATIONERS
500 Fifth Avenue Dept. 27, New York
Samples Mailed on Request.

WHAT IS YOUR FUTURE?

Do you want to open a bookstore? Have you some money you wish to invest? Are you uncertain as to how to go about it? If you would like details about a potentially profitable business write to us and let us advise you, without charge.

Bookselling Information Service
Room 777N, 18 West 34th St., New York

50th Thousand

THE BLUE WINDOW

by Temple Bailey

The Foremost Writer of Wholesome Romance

$2.00

The Penn Publishing Co., Phila.

Do you have trouble with your eyes? Correct it by reading and following directions in

PERFECT SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES

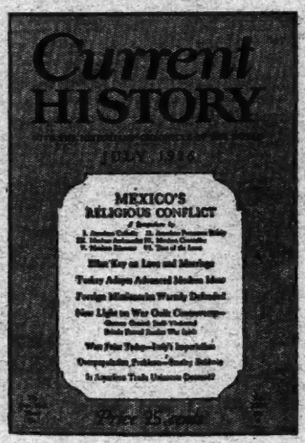
By W. H. Bates, M. D.

Price $3.00 postpaid.

Central Fixation Publishing Co.
383 Madison Avenue
New York City

ADVERTISEMENT. ADVERTISEMENT.

JULY ISSUE NOW ON SALE 25c at all news stands



Subscribe N O W And Benefit by SPECIAL OFFER

Current HISTORY

PUBLISHED BY THE NEW YORK TIMES COMPANY

July Contents

The Church and State Conflict in Mexico:
I. The American Catholic View ..... C. E. McGUIRE
Secretary High Commission of Ministers of Finance of the American Republics, 1915-22
II. The American Protestant View ..... JAMES CANNON, Jr.
Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South
III. The Mexican Official View ..... MANUEL C. TELLEZ
Mexican Ambassador to the United States
A Legal Point of View ..... CHARLES A. FRUEAUFF
A Mexican Editor's View ..... JOSE MIGUEL BEJARANO
Religious Clauses of the Mexican Constitution .....

Mexico's Peaceful Revolution Under Calles ..... CHESTER M. WRIGHT
English Language Secretary Pan-American Federation of Labor

Stanley Baldwin, Great Britain's Prime Minister ..... LEONARD R. HOLME

Industrial Welfare Movement Sapping American Trade Unions ..... ABRAHAM EPSTEIN
Research Director, Pennsylvania Old Age Commission

The World-Wide Problems of Over-Population ..... EDWARD M. EAST
Professor, Harvard University

Ellen Key's Ideals of Love and Marriage ..... NANCY M. SCHOONMAKER

A Nonagenarian Looks at Education ..... WILLIAM W. FOLWELL
President Emeritus of the University of Minnesota

A Good Word for Missionaries ..... THOMAS JESSE JONES
Educational Director, Phelps-Stokes Fund

Italy's Program of Empire ..... HOWARD R. MARRARO

The End of the War in Morocco .....

The War Gilt Controversy:
I. A Vindication of the German General Staff ..... ALFRED von WEGERER
Editor of the Monthly Journal, Die Kriegsschuldfrage
II. Russia's War Spirit Fanned by "Conversations" With Great Britain ..... FRIEDRICH ROSEN
Former Foreign Minister of Germany

West Point Today ..... ROBERT GINSBURGH
Captain, United States Army

China's Students in the Vanguard of Revolution ..... RUDLAY THOMAS

Turkey Walks Abreast With the Modern World ..... ALBERT HOWE LYBYER
Professor of History, University of Illinois

The Turkish Government's New Civil Code ..... MAHMOUD ESSAD
Turkish Minister of Justice

The Drama of Pilsudski's Career ..... CONRAD CLOTHIER LESLEY
Secretary American-Polish Chamber of Commerce, 1921-24

Pilsudski's Seizure of Power in Poland ..... CLARENCE H. DAWSON
Editor of Poland

The Conquest of the North Pole *(Recent Scientific Progress)* ..... WATSON DAVIS

Armies and Navies of the World .....

Unhampered Trade Relations Between the European States *(From Foreign Periodicals)*
ALEXANDER GOURVITCH

The Historians' Chronicle of the World ...(56 PAGES)... CURRENT HISTORY ASSOCIATES

CONTEMPORARY HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY—CURRENT HISTORY CHRONICLES—
WORLD FINANCE (*by Francis H. Sisson*)—TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

CURRENT HISTORY,
Times Annex, New York.

Send the July issue to address below, without charge, and begin subscription with August issue at $3.00 a year.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

T.—7-4

FEATURES ANNOUNCED FOR AUGUST ISSUE:

MOSES AND JESUS
Are Judaism and Christianity Irreconcilable?
Written for CURRENT HISTORY
By Former Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany
Former Head of the Protestant Church of Prussia

Reply by Rabbi Nathan Krass
Head of Temple Emanu-El Synagogue, New York City,
the leading Jewish Congregation of America.

Immigration and the Myth of Nordic Superiority
A Debate by: Prof. Roy L. Garis
V. F. Calverton

National Feud Between Chile and Peru
Terrorism in Tacna-Arica

Significance of the Eucharistic Congress
By Michael Williams

The Sunday School Theory of War Guilt
Charles A. Beard on Harry Elmer
Barnes' Genesis of the World War